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GENEALOGY COLLECTION

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PERSONAL REMINISCENCES

OF THE LATE

MRS. SARAH BREESE WALKER

WITH A GENEALOGICAL SKETCH OF THE

AMERICAN BRANCH

OF THE

BREESE FAMILY

COMPILED BY

J. EGLINTON MONTGOMERY

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INTRODUCTION

In glancing over various journalistic notes which appear amongst the papers of the late Mrs. Thomas R. Walker, née Breese, there are detached pages devoted to brief sketches of her family, as well as to "People I have met, a reminiscence of many years;" all of which are so replete with interest, that I have been induced to collect them for private circulation among her relatives, and for the benefit of those who enjoyed the privilege of her friendship.

It is, however, only just to the memory of this highly gifted woman to observe, that these notes were recorded hastily, only in moments of leisure, and with no view whatever to their publication, and yet they are so simply and pleasantly written, — reflecting in no slight degree the charming conversational style and powers of the writer. — that, apart from their value as personal souvenirs of certain salient scenes in a life extending over a period of "three score years and ten," they are especially worthy of preservation as heirlooms in her family, which succeeding generations must prize more and more highly as time advances and they become tinged with the charm which ever casts a glamour over the most trivial scenes and incidents of days long gone by.

I am sure no one will read them without experiencing a feeling of regret that they were not extended so as to have included im-

pressions of many other well known characters with whom she was more or less associated.

Mrs. Walker's youthful days and early married life were spent in an atmosphere possessing peculiar charms for persons of culture. In addition to this, she lived in and through a period when our country was in the full progress of development: when the old spirit of chivalry had not ceased to be a ruling feature in social intercourse and when education and refinement, rather than wealth, were the passports to cultivated circles. She thus enjoyed opportunities for conveying pen photographs of people as they appeared to her, which would have been valuable contributions to the social history of the times. Limited as her reminiscences are, they, however, possess no little interest and will be read with pleasure, not only by her immediate family, but by mutual friends of those to whom she specially alludes.

Many additions have been made to Mrs. Walker's record of the family, by including contemporary generations of collateral branches, having equal claim to descent from the parent stem. In the completion of this extended genealogy, I desire to express my indebtedness to Mrs. Catharine Breese Griswold; Mrs. Nathan F. Graves; Prof. Edward E. Salisbury, of New-Haven; Mr. Stanley W. Dexter, of New-York; and Mr. William Carpenter, of New-Brunswick, for the information given and for the encouraging interest they have manifested in its compilation.

J. E. M.

GENEALOGICAL HISTORY
OF THE AMERICAN BRANCH OF THE
BRESE FAMILY

The brief record given in Mrs. Walker's journal of her family and connections, refer chiefly to the American branch, and date from the arrival of the first of them in that country, about 1730, to the present time.

From the facts therein given, together with additional data obtained by subsequent investigations, it will be seen that both upon her father's as well as mother's side, Mrs. Walker was descended from ancestors who enjoyed and maintained a high social distinction in the community and country in which they lived.

Her maiden name was *Brese*, clearly indicating that her family was of Welsh extraction, the name being a corruption of the original Ap-Rhys.

Among the principal works on the subject of Heraldry which have been consulted, including Burke's « *Dictionary of Heraldry*, » Edmondson's « *Heraldry*, » (1780) Moale's « *Bibliotheca Heraldica*, » and Robson's « *Heraldry*, » etc. there are found nine variations of the spelling of the name, as follows:

Ap-Rhys; Ap-Rees; Aprece; Ap-Rice (Mrs. Walker's branch); Aprice; Apris; Apryce; Ap-Rees; Apreece.

In « Burke, » the name Brees or Breeze also appears, but the arms being entirely different from those of the American branch, it has

been found impossible to trace any relationship to the *Ap-Rice* family, other than what may be inferred from the similarity of name. The various modifications of the name *Ap-Rice*, are concurrent with a diversity of armorial bearings. — If family tradition and a very old seal, of which Mrs. Walker's heirs have an impression, can be received as authority, her branch of the family must be cognate to the *Ap-Rice*, if not identical with it.

The arms of the family are described in heraldic language as follows, viz.

• Argent, on a fesse azure, three boar's heads *couped* or. In chief, a lion passant gules.

Crest. A boar's head erect, argent pelletée between two oak branches vert fructed or. »

During a tour of the Cathedral towns of England, a grandson of Mrs. Walker came across an old tomb in Worcester Cathedral (apparently of Queen Elizabeth's time) which commemorated « the virtues of — Ap-Rhys, Esquire. » The tomb was adorned with his arms, and prominent among the devices, was the familiar Boar's head, proving him to be one of the ancestors of the family.

The first of the family who settled in America was Sidney Breese, the great grandfather of Mrs. Walker. He was born in Shrewsbury, England, in 1709, his father being Rector of the parish, and his mother, Miss Sidney, of whom mention is made hereafter. From his youth, he warmly espoused the cause of the Stuarts in the Jacobite rebellion, and became an ardent sympathizer with the elder, as well as younger, Pretender in their efforts to secure the succession. He was afterwards appointed Purser in the British Navy and whilst in the service was stationed principally at, or near New York. There is documentary proof that he held this position in the British Navy for at least twenty years: there being in Albany, a letter of Gov. De Lancey, dated May 17, 1754, addressed to him as « Purser of H. M. S. Centaur. » He subsequently settled in New York and in 1863 was made Master of that port. In that city he became very soon the popular centre of

a most congenial circle. « He was noted for his genial disposition and hospitality, as well as his musical tastes and voice, » and was recognized as « a person of great integrity and honesty. »

In Harper's Magazine for November 1876, there is a highly interesting article relating to « the ancient and curious tombstones which are still in existence in Trinity Churchyard, New York, » in which appears, amongst others, an excellent woodcut of the tomb of Sidney Breese, accompanied by a brief sketch of his life, from which I quote the following extracts: « Sidney Breese was from a Welsh family, the present head of which is a wealthy Baronet of Wales. He was one of the wittiest, most eccentric, as well as, one of the handsomest men of his time. » . . .

« He was extremely social in his tastes and was noted for his good dinners, at which he always sang songs and told stories with great spirit, never failing to captivate his guests. »

For these qualities he was much courted by « the great and gay British officers with whom he principally associated. He lived to see the inconvenience of such popularity however, and would not permit his only child to cultivate his talent for singing, as that had been his special taste and *trial*. » He was a generous liver, fond of a good glass of wine and sent to England for his bottles, called Magnums, of which there are many at this date in excellent preservation, with « Sidney Breese, 1765 » stamped in the glass.

His well known uprightness of character was such as to secure him the respect and confidence of all with whom he had personal or business relations, and to be « as honest as Sidney Breese » became a popular byword. No stronger evidence of his high sense of honor can be given, than is afforded in the well preserved record which relates, that « having been at one time unsuccessful in business, his creditors compromised with him and insisted upon his continuing. He yielded to their wishes and after the lapse of a few years, gave a dinner party, inviting all those to whom he was indebted, and as each guest turned his plate, he found

beneath a cheque for the full amount due him, with accrued interest to date! * This agreeable surprise resulted in a most convivial, jolly dinner, and was often spoken of in terms of the greatest enthusiasm, by those who survived him.

Having fought a duel with an officer of the British Army, he received a ball in his abdomen which he carried to his dying day. Sidney Breese married February 17, 1733, Elizabeth, daughter of Captain Pinkethman, of the British Army, then deceased. She was born in New York in 1710, and died October 14, 1779. Her mother, Elizabeth Pinkethman, was a daughter of Elizabeth Camden, and about the year 1700, fancying herself persecuted by her family, left England secretly, on board a merchant vessel bound for New York. Whether this unusual action was due to religious or political causes, is unknown. After the death of Captain Pinkethman, his widow married Dr. Richard Ascough, Surgeon in British Army, and had a daughter Sarah, who married Col. William Malcolm, U. S. Army. Dr. Ascough was a direct descendant of the courageous martyr, Ann Askew or Ascough, who, according to the account in the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, "was one of the sufferers for Protestant opinions at the dawn of the reformation. Having embraced the views of the Reformers, she was turned out of doors by her husband, a gentleman of Lincolnshire and a zealous Roman Catholic. She went to London to sue for a separation, but was arrested on a charge of heresy; was examined by the Bishop of London and others, on the doctrine of transubstantiation, the truth of which she denied, and, after torture on the rack, she was burned at the stake in Smithfield, July 16, 1546."

By an earlier marriage, Dr. Ascough had a daughter Ann, who married Joshua Sands, of Brooklyn. After Dr. Ascough's death his widow married, thirdly, John Carpenter, the grandfather of Mrs. Walker.

Mrs. Sidney Breese possessed great natural abilities, untiring energy, and unusual business capacity. After the death of her

husband, she turned her attention to business matters and became a merchant and importer. She owned considerable property in New York, and is described as « a woman of great energy and self-reliance, a very decided Whig, a warm supporter of this country and its institutions, was loved and beloved by, Washington, (whom she thought almost superhuman) and loaned her money freely to aid the great cause in which he was engaged. Having accepted colonial currency as security, she lost money, but her descendants have reaped the benefits of her patriotism, in the possession of a good Government. » She was a person of strong religious proclivities, as may be seen from the following characteristic letter, addressed to her son Samuel, dated New York, Sep. 17, 1767. « Our good friend Mrs. Livingston, followed her daughter Nancy that day four weeks, and her brother, John Provost, two days before, the neighbors not knowing of each other's illness. Their lives were very different, so were their deaths: she, in full assurance of faith, triumphing over the world, the flesh and the devil, bearing faithful testimony to Jesus, and with enough reality of religion to convince the greatest infidel. Oh! Sammy! how did my soul long to be in her soul's place! May God enable us to bear, living and dying, a noble testimony to His grace. — Her blessed consort is all humility and resignation. Sorry am I that I did not write down all that fell from her lips, which I could have done, being most of the time with her. Such patience, courage, resolution, self-denial in the midst of trial, I never beheld in all my life! Ah! what a faithful, covenant-keeping God have we! Who would not be the Lord's! Pray for me, as I do for you, that when we have served our generation according to His will, we may enter into the joy of our Lord: which God in his infinite mercy grant. Amen and Amen. »

Excellent portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Breese are still in the possession of one of their descendants, Sidney Bacon Breese, of Sconondoa, N. Y. A lovely copy of the latter was owned by the late Mrs. Walker, representing her dressed in a rich orange satin,

with long stiff stomacher and costly lace, showing her to have been unusually handsome. This portrait was lost in the N. Y. fire hereafter mentioned, but being such a favorite subject, she was enabled to secure another copy through the courtesy of her cousin Mrs. Graves, née Breese.

Sidney Breese died in New-York City, June 9, 1767, aged 58, and was buried in Trinity Church Yard, Broadway, where his tomb stone is still to be seen, bearing the following quaint epitaph, written by himself:

Sidney Breese
June 9th 1767, made by
Himself. Ha! Sidney,
Sidney, lyest thou here!
I Here Lye
Till time is flown
To its Extremity!

This is of brown free stone and was so sunken in the earth and the letters so illegible, that a few years since Mrs. Walker, aided by her nephew, William Lawrence Breese, had the whole reset, the letters cut deeper and the grave put in excellent order.

The mother of Sidney Breese, Miss Sidney, was a cousin of Sir Watkin Williams Wynn of Wales whose descendant, the present Sir Watkin Williams, is a member of Parliament and the wealthiest and most influential landholder in that country.

A curious verification of the family traditions respecting the relationship of the Wynn family to the Breeses, is found in the arms of the Wynns of Dudleston, County Salop, Shropshire, that being the county wherein Shrewsbury is situated, with which town, one at least of Mrs. Walker's ancestors is associated. The arms of this branch of the Wynn family are, « Argent, a lion rampant, sable. Crest, a Boar's head, gules, couped or. » The similarity is seen to be quite striking. Sir Watkin Williams Wynn of « Winnstay » bears quite different arms. Sidney Breese's sister, Mary, was a very eccentric woman. She was born in Lynn, county of Norfolk, England, in 1721, and died in 1799. According to the new American Cyclopaedia of 1864, « her ruling pas-

sion was hunting, and she became famous in the field. There was no pack of hounds which compared with those she followed. At her request, her favorite mare and pet dogs were buried in the same grave at her side. « She regularly took out a shooting license, and was esteemed the greatest shot the country round. » There is a silver waiter bearing an engraved horse, which she adopted as her crest, with the initials « M. B. » inherited by the Morse family through Elizabeth Breese, daughter of Samuel Breese and Rebecca Finley.

Sidney and Elizabeth Breese had three children, viz.

I. Charles, born Dec. 21, 1734, died 1754, unmarried.

II. Samuel, who succeeded him.

III. Betsey, born Oct. 22, 1741, died Nov. 4, 1744.

Samuel Breese was born in the city of New-York, May 23 1737, and settled in Shrewsbury, New Jersey, which he is said to have named in memory of his father's home in England, and where he lived very handsomely until his death. The house is still standing, although somewhat modernized. Over the dining room mantel-piece, in tiles of blue india china is the motto,

« Welcome the coming, and speed the parting guest. »

He was a lawyer by profession : was appointed District Judge of Monmouth County, and during the war of Independence, was a Colonel in the Continental army.

Owing to the exposed position of his adopted town, his residence was subjected to frequent raids by the British troops. From the « Diary of the Revolution » by Frank Moore, I quote the following extract. « The British troops overran that part of the country where Colonel Breese resided, plundering and burning barns, etc., and even entered his house, robbing him of his money and most of his silver plate. »

Amongst the portraits in the possession of Mrs. Walker, was one of Samuel Breese, painted by Blackburn, the English artist, which, in his crimson velvet coat, lace ruffles and powdered hair, showed him to be a man of commanding presence.

Unfortunately this portrait, with several others to which allu-

sion will be made, all forming a most valuable collection of a lifetime, was swept away in the disastrous fire at Morell's furniture store house in New-York, in 1881 !

Samuel Breese was twice married. His first wife was Rebecca Finley, daughter of Rev. Samuel Finley, President of Princeton College, New Jersey, to whom he was married Nov. 4, 1765. She was born May 17, 1748, and died in New-York, January 27, 1767, aged 18 years. * She was a dutiful child, handsome, a fond wife and mother, eminent for loveliness of person and amiability of disposition, and much admired by the British officers and nobility who, in those Colonial times, were frequent visitors. *

She left one child, Elizabeth Ann, born in New-York, September 29, 1766, who married, May 14, 1789, Rev. Dr. Jedediah Morse, of Charlestown, Mass. a distinguished clergyman and scholar ; S. T. D. of the University of Edinburg, and the author of a Gazetteer and of the first Geography published in America. They were the parents of Sidney Edwards and Richard Cary, Morse, proprietors and publishers of the New-York Observer, one of the first religious papers established in our country ; and also of the celebrated Professor Samuel Finley Breese Morse, one of the founders and first president, of the National Academy of Design, New-York, and inventor of the electric telegraph. (see personal reminiscences).

Samuel Breese married, 2d, January 7, 1768, Elizabeth, daughter of Garland Anderson and Jane Chevalier. The former was a son of Rev. James Anderson, who was born in Scotland, November 17, 1678, emigrated to America in 1709, settled in Virginia, and removed to New Castle, Delaware, where, February 5, 1712, he married Suit Garland. In 1717, he was transferred, or to use his own words copied from his old family bible, printed in 1708, * transported to New-York, and went there with my family the year following. » and was the first Presbyterian clergyman established in that city. He died in New Donegal, Penn. July 16, 1740. His funeral sermon was preached by Rev. Dr. Rogers, of

New-York, who after alluding to his eminent piety and to his having been a most faithful minister of the Lord, added « and the most polite and courtly man I ever knew. » His wife predeceased him four years, Dec. 1736, and as the bible record states, « died suddenly, without warning, and was but three moments from her knees in prayer and then was in eternity. »

Their son Garland, the father of Mrs. Samuel Breese, was born in New-York, February 23, 1713, and married May 6, 1740, Jane Chevalier, of Philadelphia, and whilst in pursuit of health, died at sea. His widow married, 2d. Captain Joseph Arthur and had one daughter, Abigail, born 1754. The Chevaliers belonged to a Huguenot family and fled from France to England after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685, where the grandfather of Mrs. Breese, John Chevalier, married and settled, and towards the close of the 17th. century, sailed for Philadelphia, leaving one daughter only in the old country. She married an Irish Baronet named Gittong, and had two sons, who upon returning from a visit to their grandfather in America, were lost at sea.

Mrs. Samuel Breese, Elizabeth Anderson, was born in Philadelphia, December 31, 1743. « She was quite remarkable for her elegance and refinement of manner, as well as for her piety, and throughout her life was eminently religious. » She was a devoted member of the Church of England, but happening to hear the celebrated Whitfield preach in the old Wall street church, she soon became an earnest convert. There is an interesting little incident connected with her becoming a « dissenter. » The building being crowded, Whitfield beckoned her to come into the pulpit. She seated herself on the steps leading thereto, and his sermon made an impression on her which was never effaced. She spent three weeks in the family of William Tennent, in Monmouth, to enjoy the benefit of his prayers and conversation and soon after, united with Dr. Roger's church. She once said, that « Whitfield's voice was so powerful, it could have been heard across the river! »

Until the lamentable fire before mentioned, Mrs. Walker was in possession of two portraits of this gifted woman : one painted at the age of 16 by Benjamin West, in 1759, in full evening dress, a quaint pompadour costume, with the inevitable pearl necklace : the other in 1806, by James, in quaker costume, the style of dress she adopted in more advanced years.

In her later days she delighted in recalling the events of her early life, the details of which were always interesting to the younger generation. A romantic incident connected with her marriage is worthy of preservation. Finding her dressmaker busily employed over a bride's trousseau, she inquired for whom it was intended. The woman held up a beautiful white satin cardinal and cloak saying, « let me throw this over your shoulders, as I think you are about the lady's size : they are for the lovely Miss Finley, daughter of the President of Princeton college, who is to marry Mr. Breese, of New-York. » After Mr. Breese became a widower, he was walking one day with an officer in Philadelphia, and meeting Miss Anderson was struck with her appearance and asked, « who is that lady who walks so gracefully ? » The officer immediately presented him and they were shortly married !

Mrs. Breese died at her son's residence in Sconondoa, Oneida Co. N.-Y. March 6, 1832, in her 90th, year, leaving a bequest in her will to have « bibles purchased and presented to all her children, grand children and great grand children, » which resulted in the distribution of sixty !

Mrs. Breese's only step-sister, Abigail Arthur, married Ebenezer Hazard, of Philadelphia, Postmaster General of the Confederation under Washington, and had two sons, Erskine and Samuel, and one daughter. She married, 2dly Rev. Dr. Vermilye, one of the distinguished clergymen of the day and pastor of the Reformed Dutch Collegiate church of New-York. Samuel Breese died in Shrewsbury, N.-J. in 1802 aged 65 leaving,

1. Samuel Sidney, born in Philadelphia, Sept. 26, 1768 : gra-

duated from Yale College, and married at the residence of her uncle, General Benjamin Ledyard, in Aurora, N. Y. Dec. 29, 1801, Helena, daughter of Major John Burrowes, U. S. A. of Middletown Point, N. J. and Margaret Forman, cousin of Mrs. Henry Seymour, mother of Ex. Governor Seymour, of New York. He practised law for several years in Whitesboro, N. Y. then purchased a large tract of land in Seconodoa, Oneida Co. and became interested in farming. He died October 15, 1848, leaving a large fortune, his widow surviving him until June 5, 1871, when she died in Seconodoa at the age of eighty, leaving six children, whose descendants are the representatives of the elder branch of the Breese family.

1. Samuel, born Sept. 27, 1802; graduated from Hamilton College 1822, and married, July 12, 1845, Orphia Jane, daughter of Gerry Bacon, Woodbury, Ct. and had

a. SIDNEY BACON, born December 14, 1850.

b. SAMUEL FORMAN, born February 1853, died August 1853.

c. ARTHUR BREESE, M. D. born March 26, 1858.

Mrs. SAMUEL BREESE died in Oneida, in 1861. Mr. Breese married, secondly, October 20, 1869, Laura C. Shepard, of Hartford, Conn., and died October 14, 1873.

2. Margaret, born July 16, 1804, and married, 1829, Joseph Roby, of Utica, and had.

a. SIDNEY BREESE, born June 2, 1830, and married, Sept. 30, 1858, Eliza L. Loup, of Wilkesbarre, Pa. They had.

aa. SAMUEL SIDNEY, born in Rochester.

bb. WILLIAM STIRLING, do. do.

cc. JOSEPH, do. do.

dd. CATHARINE GRAVES, the only child surviving.

b. MARGARET, born February 13, 1832, died in 1833.

Mrs. ROBY, died March 31, 1832, and her husband in 1847.

3. Arthur, born August 7, 1806, died same year.

4. Elizabeth, born March 2, 1808; married 1831, Augustus C. Stevens, of Batavia, N. Y. and have.

a. SIDNEY AUGUSTUS, born June 1832; married Jan 14, 1855, Mary G. Holmes, of Brockport, N. Y. and have,

aa. HOLMES BREESE, born 1856; married Caroline Harris, of Philadelphia, and have,

aaa. CAROLINE HARRIS.

bbb. MARY G.

bb. HELENA BURROWES, born 1838.

cc. IRA HOLMES, born 1839.

Mrs. STEVENS died Oct. 1873, and Mr. Stevens married 2dly.
Eleanor Tucker, of Chicago, Ill. and have,

dd. SYDNEY AUGUSTA.

ee. SAMUEL SIDNEY.

b. BREESE JACOB, born March 1834; married Sept. 23, 1869.
Emma C. daughter of M. E. Fuller, of Madison, Wis. who died
leaving,

aa. CORNELIA EMMA, born Sept. 18, 1870.

BREESE JACOB, married 2dly, Oct. 25, 1873, Mary E. Farmer,
of Syracuse, N. Y. and has,

bb. HELEN ELIZABETH, born 1879.

c. CHARLES EDWARD, born May 1836, married Nov. 11, 1838,
Helen C. daughter of W. J. Hough, of Syracuse, N. Y. and
have,

aa. WILLIAM JERVIS, born 1839.

bb. ELIZABETH BREESE, born 1862.

cc. NATHAN GRAVES, born 1866; died 1868.

dd. SIDNEY BREESE.

ee. AUGUSTUS C. born 1871.

d. HELEN BREESE, born 1838, married, Jan. 1, 1861, in Scenon-
doo, N. Y. George H. Sanford, who died in 1871.

3. Catharine Hallett, born March 18, 1811, and married 1845.
Nathan Fitch Graves, of Syracuse, N. Y.

6. Helen Platt, born July 2, 1814, married, 1842, Nathan Fitch
Graves, of Syracuse, and died July 20, 1844. They had

a. SAMUEL SIDNEY, born 1844, died same year.

7. Sidney John, born May 8, 1819, and died unmarried, July 18,
1856.

II. Arthur, the second son of Samuel and Elizabeth Breese, and
the father of Mrs. Thomas R. Walker, was born in Shrewsbury,
N. J. September 16, 1770. He graduated from Yale College,
became a lawyer by profession and for many years was associated
with Judge Jonas Platt in Whitesboro. In 1808, he was appointed
Clerk of the Supreme Court of the Western District of New York,
a position in those days of great trust, responsibility and honor,
and at once removed to Utica, N. Y. where he resided during the
remainder of his life. He married 1793, Catharine, daughter of

Major Henry Livingston, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y. who was descended in the seventh generation from Rev. John Livingston, of the Scotch Kirk, whose son Robert emigrated to America in 1676. A letter received by her daughter Catharine from her cousin Arthur Henry Snowden in 1884, seventy six years after her mother's death, speaks of Mrs. Breese as follows. « I recollect your Livingston mother well. She had light hair, blue eyes, beautiful rosy complexion, angelic form, graceful step and full of life. Your brother Sidney once said to me in N. Y. « I used to think your mother, cousin Arthur, the handsomest woman I ever saw. ». He must have forgotten his own!

She died Aug. 15, 1808, in the 33rd. year of her age, leaving nine children.

1. Samuel Livingston, born August 6, 1794; entered the U. S. Navy as a midshipman: participated in the battle of Lake Champlain, and received a sword for his gallant conduct in that action. He married 1823, Frances Hogan, only daughter of Captain Jacob and Fanny Stout. She died at the Gosport Navy Yard, whilst he was Commodore and in command of that station.

Sammuel Livingston Breese, married secondly, Emma, dau. of Col. Lovett, of « Kalorama », Washington, D. C. He was commissioned a Rear Admiral in the U. S. Navy, and died December 17, 1870, leaving no children. A beautiful granite monument, upon which rests a massive anchor, appropriately marks his resting place in the Forest Hill cemetery, Utica, N. Y.

2. Sarah, born December 6, 1795, and married, 1815, Bleecker Barnet Lansing, son of Col. Lansing, U. S. A., of the Albany family. They had,

- a. ARTHUR BREESE, married Miss Lovett, of « Kalorama, » Washington, and, secondly, Miss. Saffern, of New York. Arthur Breese Lansing died 1880, leaving one daughter Jessie. Mrs. Lansing, married secondly, 1854, Hon. James Platt, of Oswego, N. Y. who died in Oswego, 1878.

- b. HENRY LIVINGSTON, married Catharine Gibson, Canandaigua, N. Y. They had,

- aa. HENRY GIBSON, died in South America.

bb. LIVINGSTON, married Grace, daughter of Rt. Rev. Bishop A. C. Cox, of Western New York.

cc. CHARLES MILLER.

dd. SARAH GIBSON, married General Burnett, U. S. Army, and died in New York.

ee. WATTS SHERMAN, married Maud Watts, of Niagara.

c. BLEECKER, married, 1839, Sophia Williams, of Buffalo, N. Y. and has,

aa. WILLIAM, born 1861.

bb. STUART ANTILL, born 1864.

cc. GERRET BLEECKER, born 1864.

d. HENRY SEYMOUR, born in Utica, Feb. 17, 1824, married Jane, daughter of Henry White Esq. of Utica, N. Y. Commissioned Colonel of N. Y. Vols. May 4th, 1861; Captain 12th. U. S. Infantry Aug. 3, 1861; resigned July 17th, 1863, brevetted Brig. Gen. U. S. Vols. * for faithful and meritorious services during the war. * He died at Burlington, N. J. April 13, 1882, leaving,

aa. HENRY WHITE.

bb. ARTHUR.

e. MANETTE ANTILL, married Chas. W. Morse, son of Prof S. F. B. Morse. They have,

aa. BLEECKER, married 1879, Lucie, daughter of Judge Johnson, Galveston, Texas.

bb. SAMUEL FINLEY BREESE, married June 12, 1882, Sarah Prince, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

cc. SUSAN LIND.

3. Elizabeth, born June 30, 1797, and married 1816, William Malcolm Sands, Purser U. S. Navy, son of Joshua and Ann Ascough Sands and brother of Rear Admiral Sands, U. S. N., who married Miss Stevens, of Hoboken. They had,

a. JOSHUA ASCOUGH, deceased.

b. WILLIAM HENRY, married Katharine Halsey, and died, leaving two sons.

c. CATHARINE LIVINGSTON.

4. Catharine Walker, born October 9, 1798; married 1820, Captain Samuel B. Griswold, U. S. Army. He died in 1830, leaving,

a. CORNELIA PLATT, married William M. Goodrich, of New Orleans, (now deceased) and had,

aa. CATHARINE LIVINGSTON, married Ferdinand Lieck, of Aix-la-Chapelle. She died leaving one daughter.

bb. WILLIAM PRENTISS, deceased.

cc. CORNELIA GRISWOLD.

dd. CHARLES EDMOND, deceased.

ee. ANNIE LOUISE.

ff. CHARLES WHITING, deceased.

gg. MARY WILLIS, married September 24, 1879.
Edward Livingston, son of the late Rev. Henry
Eglinton Montgomery D. D. of New York, and
has.

aaa. HELEN EGLINTON, born Aug. 21,
1880.

bbb. MARGARET MORSE, born May 25,
1882.

ccc. EDWARD LIVINGSTON, Jr. born
Nov. 17, 1883.

b. EDMUND KIRBY, died October 2, 1843.

c. SARAH ELIZABETH, born at Fort Brady, Michigan, December
25, 1823, married 1848, Samuel Finley Breese Morse, who
died April 2, 1872, leaving,

aa. SAMUEL ARTHUR BREESE, deceased.

bb. CORNELIA LIVINGSTON, married 1881, Franz
Rummel, of Berlin. They have one son, Wil-
helm, born 1882.

cc. WILLIAM GOODRICH, married Catharine C. dau.
of John L. Crabbe of Cuba, W. I. She died in
1880, leaving one daughter.

dd. EDWARD LIND.

d. BLEECKER LANSING, died young.

e. ARTHUR BRESSE, married Frances Newman, of New-Orleans-
La. and died May 30, 1877, leaving,

aa. JEANNIE NEWMAN, born 1838.

bb. GEORGE PALFREY, born 1865.

cc. CATHARINE LIVINGSTON, born 1875.

5. Sidney, born July 15, 1800: graduated from Union College,
1818, was U. S. Senator for the State of Illinois for six years
and was appointed Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of that
State, which position he held until his death, June 27, 1878.
He was a man of great literary and legal attainments and
taking an active and prominent interest in politics, was upon
several occasions, spoken of in connection with the Presi-
dential office. He married 1823, Eloise, daughter of William
Morrison, of Illinois, and had,

a. ELOISE PHILLIPS, born June 7, 1824, married 1st. Richard Slade, who died in Sante Fé, Mexico, leaving two children both of whom are deceased. She married 2dly, Thomas Mc. Clurken, who was appointed Major of 30th. Illinois Regt. at the breaking out of the Civil War and was killed at Belmont Ky, 1861, leaving

aa. SIDNEY BREESE.

b. WILLIAM ARTHUR, born March 25, 1826, died Sept. 13, 1838.

c. CHARLES BROADHEAD, born March 31, 1828, deceased.

d. MARY CATHARINE, born March 26, 1830; died July 14, 1848.

e. SAMUEL LIVINGSTON, born Dec. 26, 1831. Commander U.S. Navy, married Rosa, daughter of Col. Thomas Lee of Baltimore, Md. and had five children. Married 2dly, Miss E. C. Mc. Collough, dau. of Rev. Dr. Mc Collough, of Wilmington, Del.

f. HENRY LIVINGSTON, born Aug. 20, 1833, died Nov. 21, 1836.

g. SIDNEY SAMUEL, born Aug. 13, 1835, married Caroline Moore and has,

aa. CHARLES LIVINGSTON, born Apr. 22, 1860.

bb. ELIZA ELOISE, born Feb. 18, 1862; died Jan. 11, 1863.

cc. ARTHUR, born Sept. 8, 1864.

dd. MARY, born Sept. 4, 1866.

ee. WALTER MOORE, born June 18, 1869.

ff. ALIDA LIVINGSTON, born Aug. 18, 1872; died Sep. 14, 1873.

gg. KATE, born Sep. 27, 1874; died April 13, 1875.

hh. SYDNEY SMYTH, born Jan. 14, 1878.

h. EDWARD LIVINGSTON, born July 31, 1837; died Aug. 1838.

i. WILLIAM MORRISON, born Apr. 28, 1839, married 1st. Ella Warfield of Ky. who died, leaving no children. He married 2dly, Julia Lightner Ross, and has,

aa. Irwin.

j. ELIZABETH, born Oct. 20, 1841; died Aug. 1845.

k. JAMES BUCHANAN, born Jan. 13, 1844, Lieut. U. S. Marine Corps; married Dec. 28, 1875, Josephine Ormsby, dau. of Edward M. Yard, late Commander U. S. Navy, and has.

aa. YARD, born March 16, 1877.

bb. ELISE MORRISON, born Aug. 13, 1878.

cc. PHILLIPS PHOENIX, born Sep. 16, 1879.

l. ELIAS DENNIS, born Jan. 19, 1848; died July 23, 1851.

m. ALEXANDER, born May 30, 1850; died Aug. 4, 1851.

n. ALIDA LIVINGSTON, born July 24, 1853; married Dr. Elam S. Ramsey, and has,

aa. LENA MORSE, born Sep. 12, 1874.

bb. LLOYD LIVINGSTON, born Jan. 27, 1879; died Apr. 11, 1880.

cc. LILLIAN BREESE, born July 7, 1880.

dd. IRENE MORRISON, born Aug. 4, 1881.

6. Susan, born June 20, 1802. Married, 1825, Jacob Stout, of New-York, half brother of her sister in law, the first Mrs. S. L. Breese, and had.

a. CHILD, died in infancy.

b. CHILD, d^o d^o

c. SARAH LANSING.

d. EDWARD, Captain in the U. S. Navy; married Julia, daughter of Commodore Aulick, U. S. N. He was lost at sea in the U. S. S. *Levant*: that ill fated vessel never having been heard from after her departure for a cruise. He left

aaa. JULIA, and

bb. MARY, both residing in Washington, D. C. Mrs. Jacob Stout, married, secondly, in 1841 Rev. Dr. Pierre Alexis Proal, Rector of Trinity Church, Utica, and had.

a. SAMUEL LIVINGSTON, deceased.

b. ARTHUR BREESE, married Sidney, daughter of Rev. Dr. Theodore Chyler, of Brooklyn, N. Y. and has two children. Mrs. Proal died in 1864.

7. Henry Livingston, born March 12, 1804; died August 2, 1817.

8. Arthur, born December 22, 1805; died at Tallahassee, October, 1838.

9. Mary Davenport, born January 9, 1808; married Henry L. Davis of Waterford, N. Y. and had.

a. ARTHUR BREESE, married first, Charlotte, daughter of Rev. Dr. Proal, and secondly, Mary, daughter of Rev. Mr. Bostwick, and had seven children.

b. AUGUSTUS GANSEVOORT, married Sophia Emma, daughter of Rev. Dr. Proal.

c. FRANCIS BREESE, married Julia Underwood, and has one son.

d. SAMUEL LIVINGSTON, died aged 13 years.

Arthur Breese, married, secondly, October 14, 1809, Ann, youngest daughter of John and Sarah Carpenter, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mr. Carpenter was of an excellent family in England: his coat of arms was in the possession of his grandson, the late Commodore E. W. Carpenter U. S. Navy. He was a wild and wayward

youth, and at an early age ran away from his English home, enlisting as a sailor. Shortly after his arrival in America, young, and in a strange land, his money being exhausted, he was obliged to seek such employment as offered, and amongst other things, bought and sold cattle. After a period of years, he acquired property and married the widow of Captain Richard Ascough, Surgeon in British Army, whose first husband was Captain Pinkethman, of the Royal Navy. Her daughter Elizabeth Pinkethman, in 1733 married Sidney Breese, the great grandfather of Mrs. Walker. Upon his marriage, having become prosperous, he wrote to his family in England and shortly afterwards, received from them letters of forgiveness and congratulation, and a large chest, containing many substantial remembrances in the shape of costly brocade silks, jewelry, linen and some rare specimens of childrens' toys which had never been seen in America ». He was described by those who knew him as « a perfect gentleman, honorable and generous to a degree » and at that time, « one of the most influential men in Brooklyn ».

John Carpender and Mrs. Ascough had two daughters, viz.

1. Catharine, married Captain Samuel Bayard, died without issue.
2. Ann, married an Englishman of fortune named Pearce. The loss of her young children caused such grief as to hasten her death at the age of 23 years.

Mrs. Walker's daughter, Mrs. Montgomery has in her possession a lovely miniature of her great aunt, Mrs. Pearce, painted in 1782 in full evening dress: also an enamelled mourning ring: both of which were sent to her great grand father Carpender, after the death of his daughter in England.

Mr. Carpender then married Sarah Stout, the grandmother of Mrs. Walker.

The children of this marriage were,

- a. Sarah, married William Walton Morris, of Morrisania, N. Y. nephew of Gouverneur Morris, U. S. Minister to France. They

had nine children, only one of whom survives. Mrs. Aquila Stout of New-York.

- b.* Fanny, married Captain Jacob Stout, she being his second wife. They had a large family, their only daughter, Frances Hogan, marrying Rear Admiral Samuel Livingston Breese, U. S. N. Only one son of this family survives, Dr. Arthur Breese Stout, of San Francisco, California.
- c.* Benjamin, Midshipman U. S. N. Died of yellow fever in the West Indies.
- d.* William, married April 16, 1795, Lucy Weston, daughter of Edward Butler Thomas Grant, whose father was Archdeacon of Exeter, who married a daughter of Stephen Weston, Bishop of Exeter, whose father was also a Bishop. This E. B. T. Grant appears to have had an eventful career and to have enjoyed great advantages in his associations. When eight years of age, he was taken into the family of the Right Hon. Sir Thomas Waite, who married his aunt, and was private Secretary to the King. He had a brother who was a Captain in the British Army and went to America at the time of the Revolution : and another who was a Clergyman of the Church of England and who attended the celebrated Emmet to the scaffold ! The Grants had many representatives in high positions in the Church, the pedigree recording that the eldest son of the Bishop of Exeter became Archdeacon Weston and was afterwards one of the « golden Prebends of Durham », whilst a sister in law of Archdeacon Grant married Archdeacon Baker, whose eldest son, Sir George Baker was, for many years, physician to Queen Charlotte. The Duke of Buckingham was a relative of the family and gave Captain Grant his commission in the army. The family is collaterally descended from the celebrated William of Wykham, Bishop of Winchester, who died in 1404, and any of his descendants, if sent to Winchester school for two years, can enter the College at Oxford founded by that prelate, upon furnishing proof of descent.

William and Lucy Carpenter, had twelve children, five of whom died in infancy. Those who survived were,

aa. EDWARD WILLIAM, born January 20, 1797. Commodore U. S. N.; Married Susan, dau. of Commodore Wilkinson U. S. N. Commodore Carpenter died May 16, 1877.

bb. JOHN, born December 10, 1798, deceased.

cc. BENJAMIN, born June 1, 1800; officer U. S. Navy, drowned at sea 1819.

dd. JACOB STOUT, born August 15, 1803; married June 21, 1838, Catharine, daughter of Dr. John Neilson and Abigail Bleeker of New-York. He died Sept. 22, 1882, leaving,

aaa. MARY NOEL.

bbb. LUCY HELENA.

ccc. WILLIAM.

ddd. JOHN NEILSON.

eee. CHARLES JOHNSON.

ee. CHARLES PLATT, born November 2, 1811, married Sarah Wyeth. They had two children who died in infancy.

ff. LUCY, born Nov. 2, 1811, married Edmund T. Williams of Shrewsbury, N. Y. She died Aug. 29, 1879.

gg. SARAH CATHARINE, born May 4, 1813.

e. Ann, the youngest child of John and Sarah Carpenter, and the mother of Mrs. Thomas R. Walker, was born in Brooklyn, N. Y. November 10, 1784, and married, October 14, 1809, the widower Arthur Breese, of Utica, New-York. They had six children.

a. Sarah Ann, born in Utica, N. Y. February 13, 1811, and married, May 19, 1829, Thomas Reed, the second son of Thomas Walker, of Utica, N. Y. for many years the honored President of one of the principal banks in that city. Thomas R. Walker was born January 24, 1806, and after pursuing the usual academic and partial collegiate course, received the complimentary degree of A. M. from both Hamilton and Yale Colleges. He became a lawyer by profession and for a period was the partner of his brother in law, Gen. John H. Ostrom, and later, of Ex. Senator Roscoe Conkling, and for several terms was elected Mayor of Utica.

He took a deep interest in all enterprises whose object was "to benefit and improve his native city." He was one of the

originators of the first telegraph company, the New-York, Albany and Buffalo, and for several years its President. From his earliest years he evinced an ardent passion for art, and in later life was recognized as a connoisseur therein. In pursuit of this taste, he spent the years of 1869-70, with his family in Europe, visiting the famous galleries and art treasures of the old world and familiarizing himself with the works of the great masters; and later, upon the appointment of his son-in-law to the Consulship in Geneva, he was induced to recross the Atlantic and reside in that city and Dresden, in the latter of which he spent many happy hours in studying the peerless Sixtine Madonna of Raphaël and the many other chef-d'œuvres of that famous collection. From here he made a most interesting tour through Denmark, Norway and Sweden, and a few months after his return to the Saxon Capital, he died January 9, 1880, from a severe attack of pneumonia and his remains were conveyed to his native city.

From an obituary notice of him which appeared in the *Utica Herald* I quote the following extract, « To the public spirit, to the broad enterprise of Mr. Walker, was added a natural taste in art which he cherished zealously and which even in the poverty of the earlier days of Utica, blossomed luxuriantly. Henry T. Tuckerman, we think it was, spoke of him as a village Maecenas. « He had the taste and liberality of a patron of art. His friendship and encouragement were of no little value to the sculptor Palmer when, from designing stove patterns here, he began to cut cameos and to show the unmistakable genius which has since won for him fame and fortune. Art was to Mr. Walker a natural passion; and refinement was to him a grace and not an acquisition; » and again, « Mr. Walker's influence will continue in Utica, for his purity of character and his devotion to worthy principles, for his enterprise and public spirit, and not least for his social graces and the taste and refinement which he cultivated and promoted. »

From the *Utica Observer* I quote the following extract from a handsome tribute to his character written by his life long friend,

Judge William J. Bacon. « Mr. Walker was not what is termed a demonstrative man. Indeed, to strangers and to those who for any reason were not congenial, his manners had an air of restraint, and sometimes, perchance, of coldness and reserve. His friendships were not many, perhaps, but they were discriminating, and wherever he found a faithful, true souled man, he grappled him to his heart with hooks of steel, « and no man who trusted him ever had reason to doubt his sincerity, as no one ever had occasion to question his unflinching rectitude. There was an elective affinity in his nature that drew him irresistibly and without an effort to the side of the honest and the true, and made him loyal to his friends and supremely loyal to his country in the hour of her crucial trial. »

Mrs. Thomas R. Walker, survived her husband only two and a half years, dying very peacefully at her residence in the city of New-York, No. 14 East 33d. street, June 28, 1882. She was a highly gifted, cultivated and exemplary woman and an ornament to the circle in which she moved. « She was one of marked character, of very decided religious convictions and of warm social impulses, which drew around her a number of very attached friends, who most sincerely and truly mourned her departure and will tenderly cherish her memory. »

She was exceedingly handsome, both in youth and in later life, and possessed a cordiality of manner and a charm of conversation which rendered her society at all times inviting and attractive. From her father she inherited a most genial disposition, united to an intense love of hospitality, which she dispensed « not grudgingly, or of necessity », but only because she was « so disposed in her heart ». Her principal aim in life, her one absorbing thought, seemed to be to impart happiness to those around her. Unconscious of self, she took especial delight in contributing to the pleasure of others and forgot her own comforts in an eager desire to gratify the wants and wishes of those in whom she felt even passing interest. She was truly an exceptional woman, eminently worthy of the many encomiums which shed a lustre over her

memory and will long be remembered by those who enjoyed her friendship.

Mrs. Walker had five children, two of whom survive.

aa. A daughter, died the day of its birth, 1830.

bb. LUCIA JOHNSON, born February 26, 1831; died December 1834.

cc. ANNIE BREESE, born January 29, 1833; and married, August 1, 1856, Henry Stanley Dexter, of San Francisco, Cal. where they resided until her decease, November 30, 1867.

Mrs. Dexter inherited her mother's loveliness of character and sweetness of disposition, as well as her attractive manners and charming powers of conversation. A few extracts from the many loving offerings to her memory, will demonstrate the affection she inspired in the hearts of all who knew her.

The day after her decease, the following notice accompanied the announcement of the melancholy event, in San Francisco. « It has seldom been our duty to record the death of any one who united so many graces of mind and body, or whose departure leaves so wide a blank in the society in which she moved. Her social qualities threw a charm around her which was felt in every circle in which she appeared. Her sparkling wit, controlled by a natural kindliness of heart, enlivened, without being ever tinctured by the slightest quality which could give pain, and her Christian character was so marked, that her surviving friends can feel, that for her « to die was gain ». The Utica Herald, which spoke from her early home, added this graceful and touching tribute to her memory. « She was one of the loveliest of women, amiable and affectionate in disposition, winning in countenance and manners, and preeminently graceful and agreeable in conversation. Wherever she was, in the comparative quiet of her native town, or in the dazzling scenes of foreign life, or in the novel society of the Pacific shore, she drew around her a retinue of intelligence, taste and excellence, which she charmed by her spirit and speech, and gratified and blessed by her kindness. Religion was the crowning beauty of her character and life, and it sat like a diadem upon her, whilst her wide intercourse with the world did not in the least shade the lustre of grace. She retained the sweet simpli-

city of the girl in ripened womanhood, and shone brightest with the rays of the Sun of Righteousness amid the brilliancies of earth. * These votive offerings to her memory are beautifully verified in an address delivered in Trinity Church, San Francisco, at the funeral ceremonies of Mrs. Dexter by her valued friend the Right Rev. Wm Ingraham Kip, D. D. Bishop of California. In the course of his solemn remarks upon this occasion, the learned prelate says, * The death of her we mourn has come to all of us with an appalling shock. But a short time ago she was among us, discharging her daily duties or met in the social converse of friends. We cannot realize that Death hath placed his seal upon all that was so much prized. We feel indeed as if we cannot reconcile ourselves to the loss. It was quenching so much of the bright and beautiful, that when we look only to this world, we involuntarily ask, wherefore is this waste *. She was one who spread a light and grace about her path, and whose coming was everywhere welcomed as a sunbeam. Difficult indeed would it be to find any one whose loss would be greater in the social circle, or who was her superior in those intellectual acquirements which sparkle so readily from the lips, and shed a brightness over the dull monotony of daily life. Steadfast too as a friend, she delighted to minister to the happiness of those for whom she cared. We might speak, too, of her charities, so widely spread, yet so quiet and unostentatious, that only those who knew her best were aware how often she caused the hearts of the poor to rejoice as she brightened up the darkness which want and penury had gathered about them. To those who knew her best, it was evident, that during the last year her Christian character had been deepening, the enticements of the world losing more and more their influence, and she ripening for that great future which none of us imagined she was so soon to meet. Yet we know that this great change did not come upon her unprepared. She had often spoken of it as a possible contingency, and we believe it found her with her lamp trimmed and burning. Trusting in Him who is the Resurrection and the Life, and clinging to the cross with no feeble grasp, she looked forward without fear to descending the side of the Dark Valley. *

Mr. Dexter died suddenly, of heart disease, January 6, 1871.

During this year the remains of Mr. and Mrs. Dexter and their child Arthur Breese, were removed to Utica, where a beautiful monument marks their final resting place.

The children of this marriage were.

aaa. STANLEY WALKER, born October 3, 1837; graduated with high honors from Yale College 1878; studied law in New-York and is now practicing his profession in that city.

bbb. ARTHUR BREESE, born April 10, 1839; died October 3, 1863.

ccc. HENRY STANLEY, born August 29, 1861.

ddd. ANNIE BREESE WALKER, born September 9, 1867.

dd. Susan Louisa, fourth child of Thomas R. and Sarah Ann Walker, was born in Utica and married October 1st, 1856, Henry William Smith, of New-York, a graduate of Union College and a merchant. He died after a short illness May 30, 1863, at his residence in New-York. They had one son:

aaa. WALKER BREESE, born September 1, 1858, and married May 1882, Maud, daughter of Francis R. Rives Esq. of New-York.

ee. Mary Seymour, youngest child of Thomas R. and Sarah Ann Walker was born in Utica and married November 13, 1871, Major James Eglinton, son of John Crathorne and Elizabeth Henrietta Philips Montgomery, the latter a grand daughter of Benjamin Chew of Germantown Pa. the last Chief Justice of Pennsylvania under the Colonial Government. Major Montgomery graduated from Princeton College, and in 1861 received from President Lincoln the appointment of Assistant Adjutant General in the U. S. Army, in which capacity he served until one year after the close of the war of the rebellion. He participated in many of the great battles of that terrible struggle and was several times wounded, once almost mortally, in the seven days actions before Richmond. In 1867, he accompanied the late Admiral Farragut, upon his famous tour to Europe, as his personal friend and Secretary and remained with him until the great sailor's death in 1870. In 1877, he was appointed by President Hayes, U. S. Consul in Geneva, and in 1879, transferred to Leipzig; thence by Pre-

sident Garfield, to Brussels, and by President Arthur, first to Leipsic and then to Trieste.

Major and Mrs. Montgomery reside abroad, and have one son

aaa. HUGH EGLINTON, born in Leipsic, Saxony, July 22, 1881.

b. Josiah Salisbury, second child of Arthur and Ann Carpenter Breese, was born July 18, 1812, and married 1832, Augusta, daughter of Augustus Hicks Lawrence and Miss Bogart. Mr. Breese died at his residence in New-York City, February 11, 1865, leaving a widow and three children.

aa. WILLIAM LAWRENCE married Marie, daughter of George Parsons Esq. of Columbus, Ohio. They have,

aaa. Eloise Lawrence,

bbb. William Lawrence.

bb. JAMES LAWRENCE, married Frances Tillotson, daughter of Gen. Robert B. Potter, of Newport R. I. son of the late Bishop of Pennsylvania. They have

aaa. Sidney Salisbury.

cc. ELOISE LAWRENCE.

c. William Gregg, born in Utica, March 25, 1815, and married Adeline, daughter of Samuel Wiggins, of Cincinnati, Ohio. Mr. Breese died at his residence in New-York, June 15, 1861, and his widow in July 1880. They had,

aa. FRANCES CORNELIA, who married John Gerard Coster, of New-York.

d. Francis Helen, born in Utica, January 14, 1819, and died « a triumphant death », June 4, 1847. « She was remarkable for her piety, as well as for her beauty, grace and refinement of manners. » A beautiful portrait of her was amongst those lost in the Morrell fire. During her last illness, she compiled a little book entitled, « Chaplet of flowers, from the spiritual green house », which was published by the American Tract Society of New-York, and has already passed through many editions.

e. Robert Lenox, born in Utica, September 22, 1820; and died July 31, 1835.

f. Aquila Stont, born in Utica May 24, 1824, and died August 31, 1825. All the above mentioned children of Arthur and Ann Carpenter Breese, were born in a fine old mansion on Genesee Street

built by Mr. Breese, afterwards sold, and the stones used in rebuilding a row of houses now standing upon its site.

III. JOHN, third son of Sidney and Elizabeth Anderson Breese, was born in Shrewsbury, N. J. 1772, died 1776.

IV. A son, born 1773, died shortly after its birth.

V. SUSAN BAYARD, was born in Shrewsbury, Nov. 1774, and married 1794, Rev. Samuel Finley Snowden of Princeton, N. J. who graduated from that College with the highest honors. He was the first settled pastor of the first Presbyterian church in Princeton, where he owned a large landed property. His father, Isaac Snowden of Philadelphia, was a trustee of the College, and of his seven sons, six graduated from that University. In an interesting letter written by his grandson Arthur Henry Snowden at the age of 84 to his cousin Mrs. Catharine Breese Griswold (a sister of Mrs. Walker,) dated January 8, 1884, many allusions are made to these early days. He writes « Commodore Robert F. Stockton told me that Grandpa lived in splendor, riding in his coach and four, liveries etc. He was a man of great wealth. Alex. Henry, Mayor of Philadelphia and a distant relative, invited me fifty five years since to take a walk with him. When we reached Chestnut St. he said, « as far as your eye can reach, and acres besides, once belonged to your grandfather, valued now at 30,000,000; he also owned 30,000 acres of coal lands ». He also speaks of his father the Rev. Samuel Snowden's change of residence from Princeton saying, « I think he made a great mistake in his finances and comfort in resigning his charge, and selling his beautiful home, and removing to the cold climate of Oneida Co. N. Y. to gratify even his lovely wife, who wished to be near her brothers Arthur and Sidney Breese ». He adds, « in 1825, General Lafayette was entertained by your father (Arthur Breese) as he had the handsomest house in Utica, and was the most accomplished gentleman to welcome so distinguished a Nation's guest. I was introduced to the General and his son in Wheeling, Va. My room was next to his at the hotel, where the citizens gave him a grand ball and reception. I had a complimentary ticket. It was amusing to see the old soldiers hugging him around the neck, and telling him to which Regiment they belonged, and he was too polite not to recollect them. » Mrs. Snowden, died in 1848, leaving

a. SAMUEL BREESE, born 1796; married Jane, daughter of Rev. William Hume, President of the University of Nashville, Tenn. He died in 1864, leaving four daughters and two sons.

b. MARY COX, born 1798; married Dr. Roswell Post Hayes, of Tennessee. She died leaving,

iii. HENRY LINDSEY, Judge of Supreme Court of Arkansas.

bb. SAMUEL SNOWDEN, lawyer: Chicago, Illinois.

cc. A daughter.

dd. do.

- c.* EBENEZER HAZARD, born 1799; graduated from Hamilton College, 1818. Presbyterian Clergyman in Kingston, Pa. Married, 1st 1828, Elizabeth, dau. of Waters Smith, U. S. Marshal, Eastern District of Florida, and had seven children

Married, 2nd. 1835, Caroline, dau. of Ebenezer Adams, of Newburgh, N. Y. of the old Massachusetts family.

- d.* ARTHUR HENRY, born 1802; married 1831, Laurentina, dau. of Gen. Robert Bogardus, of New-York, of Jay descent, and had six children, amongst whom were

aa. ROBERT BAYARD, Rector of an Episcopal Church, in Brooklyn, N. Y.

bb. ANNA OLIVER, a successful Pastoress in the Methodist Episcopal Church.

- e.* SUSAN, born 1804; married 1825, Lieut. Joseph S. Gallagher U. S. A. afterwards a prominent Presbyterian Clergyman, having studied divinity at Princeton.

Mrs. Susan Snowden Gallagher, died in 1837, leaving

aa. FRANCES ELIZABETH, married Rev. Carol Cutler, President of Western Reserve College.

bb. SUSAN BREESE, married Prof. William A. Packard, Princeton, N. J. and had one daughter who died 1833.

cc. Daughter.

dd. A son.

- f.* JAMES ANDERSON, born 1806, now residing in Aberdeen, Miss. Married 1835, Sarah Sophia, dau. of John W. Holden, of Winchester, Tenn. and had five children.

- g.* JOHN BAYARD, born 1803; married 1835, Aspasia Seraphina, dau. of Gen. Robert Bogardus, of New-York. They had five daughters of whom were

aa. ROBERT BOGARDUS, Col. and Ass. Adj. Gen. in Confederate Army.

bb. ELEONORA KIRKLAND, married William W. Tracy, of New-York.

cc. MARY JAY, married Frederick Cairns, Professor in Columbia College, N. Y.

- h.* ROBERT RALSTON, born 1810, in Nashville; married Mrs. Fanny Livingston, of Memphis, Tenn. and had three children.

- i.* SIDNEY, born 1812; married 1837, Eliza Mitchell, of Cincinnati, Ohio, and died 1839.

J. ELIZABETH BREESE, born 1817; married 1838, George Redfield, of Sacketts Harbor, N. Y. She died 1858, leaving six children, of whom was

aa. GEORGE SNOWDEN, Paymaster U. S. N. during civil war.

VI. ABIGAIL, born 1776; died in infancy.

VII. SAMUEL BAYARD, born Feb. 4, 1777; died 1854.

VIII. ABIGAIL, born in Shrewsbury, October 22, 1780; married 1810, Josiah Salisbury, of Boston, Mass. He was born in 1781; graduated at Harvard College in 1798; educated in Scotland as a clergyman; afterwards became a merchant in Boston and private gentleman. He died in 1826, and Mrs. Salisbury in 1866. They had

a. ELIZABETH MARTHA, born 1812, and married 1833, Professor Theodore Dwight Woolsey, afterwards President of Yale College; an accomplished scholar and writer, and a recognized authority upon International Law. They had nine children, all of whom are deceased excepting,

aa. AGNES, married Edgar Lang Heermance.

bb. THEODORE Salisbury, Professor in Law school, Yale College, who married Annie Gardiner Salisbury, of Boston, Mass. They have one child.

b. EDWARD ELBRIDGE, only son of Abigail Breese and Josiah Salisbury, was born in 1814; late professor in Yale College and a distinguished orientalist. Married, 1st, 1836, his cousin Abigail Salisbury, dau. of Edward Phillips, of Boston, Mass. and granddaughter of Gov. Phillips, of Mississippi. They had

aa. MARY PHILLIPS, died in 1875.

He married 2d, 1871, Evelyn, dau. of Judge Charles J. McCurdy, of Lyme, Conn. formerly U. S. Minister to Austria.

IX. JANE CHEVALIER, born 1782; died January 1783.

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PERSONAL REMINISCENCES

People whom I have met, a reminiscence of many years.

Among my childish recollections, was a visit at my father's house on Genesee street, Utica, from our relatives Dr. Jedediah and Mrs. Morse, the latter being my father's half sister, and the parents of Prof. S. F. B. Morse. The personal appearance of Mr. Morse peculiarly impressed me. He was tall, extremely thin, and had a singularly dark complexion, grave and solemn looking. We young ones thought that being a clergyman, he might think it wicked for us to romp or laugh, so that during their sojourn, we were under great restraint.

In his full suit of black cloth and white neck-tie, Mr. Morse had a decidedly clerical look. He had bright, black eyes, with a soft, gentle expression, and his manner was kind and gracious, especially to children of whom he was fond.

I remember his officiating in the church which our family attended, and how wearied we were with listening to his long sermon, slowly delivered, and with what a sense of relief and delight, we rushed out at its conclusion !

One one occasion, being corrected by my mother in his presence, for making some thoughtless remark, he turned to me and in his deliberate manner (for he was wonderfully slow of speech) said, « my child, it is a safe rule to observe to *think* before you *speak* ; but a still safer rule is, to take your words and lay them out upon your hand, look at them, turn them over, look at them again, and if the sentence meets your approval, why then, give it utterance. By observing this rule, my child, you will, in after life, be spared much regret. » My impulsive nature was such that I fear the Rev. Doctor's advice was not heeded.

He was a learned theologian, a controversialist, a literary man and the author of the first geography published in America. His life, written by Rev. Dr. Sprague of Albany, has been recently published.

I also remember visits about this time from, Rev. Dr. Samuel Finley and Mrs. Snowden, the latter my father's sister.

The Doctor was very genial and cheery and always had a romp with us little folks and told us droll stories. His delight in the "cup which cheers but not inebriates," was notorious, and like Dr. Johnson, he would have his five or six cups of tea, which made him entertaining and merry.

The last visit to my parents of Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Salisbury, with their children, Martha, afterwards wife of President Woolsey of Yale College, and Edward, late Professor in same, is still fresh in my memory. Mrs. Salisbury was my father's youngest sister, and was tall, stately and reserved.

Mr. Salisbury had a lovely countenance, was exceedingly neat in his dress, rather serious and quiet in manner and I remember hearing my mother say, was "a charming person". The children were held up to us as models of propriety and behaviour: so modest, polite and obedient. Being younger than myself, I was deputed to show them the garden and the grounds, and told to pick all the fruit we wished which they would not even taste, without their mother's permission! This made a lasting impression upon me, and I wondered whether all the children in Boston were so well brought up!

About this time my father invited the celebrated painter Dunlap to dine with us, hoping to persuade my mother to sit for her portrait, to which, however, she would not consent. Dunlap subsequently painted those of my husband's parents. He was a literary man, and published a work upon "Art and Artists," which was well received.

In the year 1823, when about twelve years of age, I met Aaron Burr, who before his disgrace was one of my father's personal friends. Though slender, short, scarcely the medium height, there was something in his appearance which arrested the attention. He was well formed, with a finely shaped head, a lofty white forehead and delicately chiselled features: eyes bright, expressive and piercing, which seemed to look into your very soul

and read your thoughts. His voice was not loud, but gentle and persuasive. My mother once said, that when in his prime, his manners were thought by some to be irresistible with ladies, whose admiration he sought to win.

On one occasion, Col Burr was dining with us *en famille*, no other guest being present save my eldest brother Rear Admiral Breese, then a Captain in the U. S. Navy, at home on a furlough.

After dinner I, a young girl, arose from the table, leaving the gentlemen over their wine. When on the piazza ready to start for my walk, the courtly old politician made his adieux to my parents, and in the most gallant manner begged permission to escort me. The gentleman whom I afterwards married remembers seeing me on that occasion walking with Col. Burr who, with head uncovered, was bowing and looking at me, and listening to my childish remarks with as much apparent pleasure, as though they were uttered by one much older!

In his intercourse with men and with politicians, Col. Burr's manners may have been overbearing and otherwise objectionable, but with ladies, young or old, he was ever the thorough bred gentleman. He could *look* a compliment, although at the same time, his lips might be tightly closed!

In 1824, the whole country was wild with excitement in welcoming as the nation's guests, the Marquis de la Fayette and suite. His entire trip was marked by an universal and continuous ovation. Through every city and town the hero was accompanied by a military escort, with bands of music, flags flying, and flowers scattered along his path. Upon reaching my native town, (Utica) the Marquis was informed that a grand daughter of his old revolutionary friend John Adams was residing there, she being the wife of the banker, Alexander B. Johnson. La Fayette immediately expressed the wish to pay his respects to her: whereupon the *cortège* halted at Mr. Johnson's, a collation was served, a few distinguished citizens assembled and the Marquis exchanged pleasant greetings with his hostess and her guests.

Our residence was next to Mr. Johnson's, the grounds adjoining.

My father who was then an invalid and unable to be present at this reception, was told by the officer of the day that the General and suite would pay him a visit if he so desired. This exceptional courtesy enabled my parents and a considerable number of the élite of the city who had been invited, to enjoy the honor of an introduction.

I can well remember my mother's tasteful decoration of the drawing rooms with flowers, the display of old fashioned silver on the sideboard, and the table with choice wine and refreshments, and perfectly recall the personal appearance of the distinguished guest, the cynosure of all eyes, his gracious and courtly manners, as with hat in hand, he walked quietly up the broad steps of the piazza and with much ease, and apparent pleasure, acknowledged the various introductions.

Upon the conclusion of this ceremony, I was led by my father to the General, who laid his hand gently on my head and said « God bless you, my dear ! »

George Washington la Fayette, the stepson of the Marquis, accompanied him on this occasion, as one of his suite, and in 1869, after « Time's busy finger had written age upon my brow » whilst in Paris, and I had become a grandmother, I had the pleasure of meeting his son, Count Edward la Fayette who was a lawyer and a fine looking man of about 45 years of age, who spoke english with ease. Whilst dining with him one day I mentioned, that when a child, I had been presented to his grandfather when he last visited our country ! With the accustomed suavity and politeness for which his nation is so celebrated, he complimented me upon my youthful appearance, adding, that « if it were not rude in him, he should doubt whether I, at that time, were in existence ! »

This scion of a noble house was a Republican in his sentiments; hostile to Louis Napoleon and his regime, and very partial to Americans, amongst whom he had a large acquaintance, having twice visited our country. This interview was a few months prior to the late war between France and Prussia.

Whilst writing the above, the news has reached us by telegram,

of the death at Chizzlehurst, Jan. 9, 1873, of Louis Napoleon, late Emperor of France, in the 67th year of his age !

At the last Presentation Ball given by the Emperor at the Tuileries, my husband and daughter were presented. Four months after, war was declared between France and Prussia and several months later, the Emperor, Empress and Prince Imperial, were refugees in England !

From the year 1808 until his death in 1825, my father held the position of Clerk of the Supreme Court of the Western District of New-York, and not altogether from necessity, but from the love of it, entertained more generally than others. No stranger of distinction passed through the town without dining or partaking of fruit and wine at the house, which was one of the finest in the place at that period. He was very hospitable, quite an epicure, and noted for his good dinners and always very choise wines.

When the Court was in session, the Judges and lawyers were frequently entertained. Although scarcely in my teens, I remember seeing Judges Savage; Woodworth; Van Ness; Sutherland and Platt; the latter was a connexion of the family and resided for a time in Utica. Among many others whom I particularly remember as constant guests, were Judge Southard, (formerly Secretary of the Navy) John Greig, of Canandaigua; Gov. De Witt Clinton; Commodore Melancthon Woolsey (a near relation) and several officers of the U. S. Navy, that branch of the service having always been largely represented in our family. I have an indistinct recollection of peeping through the crack of the door, to catch a glimpse of Commodore Chauncey, whilst he was dining with my father, and can recall visits paid by Commodores Rogers and Mc Donough, the hero of the battle of Lake Champlain; Chancellor Kent; Major Cochrane and his brother Walter; Col. Malcolm, and seeing the great American novelist, J. Fenimore Cooper and Col. Combe. Col. Malcolm had seen service in the Revolution, was a lawyer by profession and raised and commanded a Regiment of artillery in the State of New-York, in which the celebrated Aaron Burr was a Field officer.

The history of Col. Combe reads like a romance. He served under the first Napoleon, whom he worshipped, and was with him at Elba. After the fall of that Emperor, he came to this country, built a house in Utica and lived quietly and economically. During the French Revolution which placed Louis Philippe on the throne, the Colonel immediately sailed for Europe and resumed his position in the army.

While storming the city of Constantine, Col. Combe was killed at the head of his regiment. When visiting the gallery at Versailles in 1870, we saw among the famous battle pieces painted so cleverly by Horace Vernet, one representing the « Storming of Constantine » and recognized the Colonel, on horseback, leading his men, bravely and gallantly into action. His likeness is admirable. The venerable and greatly respected Patroon of Albany, Stephen Van Rensselaer, was an occasional guest, and my sister had the pleasure of visiting Mrs. Van Rensselaer at her home in Albany.

Fifty years ago, the facilities for travelling were far different from what they are in these modern times. Stages, post coaches, or private conveyances were used: no railroads, no steamers and the great Erie Canal only in contemplation! The celebration of the completion of this work made a great impression upon me as it occurred the year of my father's death, 1825. To Governor Clinton's efforts the country is indebted for pushing forward that important enterprise. The Governor was a personal friend of my father, and I have heard my parents laugh heartily over a trip made with him in a sloop down the Mohawk to Albany. The water in many places was shallow and the boat would continually stick in the mud, so that the passengers as well as sailors were obliged to assist in getting her afloat!

Hotels were few, far between, and indifferently kept, so that gentlemen obliged to travel, gladly availed themselves of the hospitality and good cheer proffered them by private individuals.

My mother was an accomplished housekeeper, presiding with grace and dignity at her table, or in the drawing room.

In matters of taste she was authority in all cases. My father used to plead as an excuse for such constant entertaining, his
"having a fine house, a graceful and capable wife, a well-stocked larder and always the choicest wines."

When fifteen years of age, I passed ten months with my mother's sister, Mrs. Stout, a widow residing in Chambers street, New York, which at that period (1826) was thought one of the most pleasant localities in a city containing so many agreeable families. Our neighbours were Dr. Hosack: Mr. Boorman: the Bensons: Thomas's: Dr. Watts: Dr. Stevens: the Smedburgs: Baretto's: Pynes: Gen. Lewis and other well known families. At that time, Houston Street was considered nearly out of town and Mrs. Peter G. Stuyvesant's residence, St. Mark's Place, was beyond the city limits and quite in the country! I remember that when my cousin, Aquila Stout, built a house in 9th. street, about the year 1838, it was a cause of surprise to his friends that he should reside at such a distance from the business part of the city!

While visiting my aunt in New York, in 1826-27, I met for the first time my cousin Samuel Finley Breese Morse, then an artist and a widower, and subsequently the inventor of the Electric Telegraph, who was my constant companion to places of amusement, lectures, picture galleries and concerts. I remember going with him to hear Garcia (afterwards the celebrated Madame Malibran) sing in an oratorio at the church and being perfectly charmed with her voice and general appearance. Though surrounded that winter by theatre going people, my aunt being a gay woman, I was never over persuaded to attend, as before leaving home I had united with the church and felt that public balls and the theatre, were amusements entirely inconsistent with my profession. It cost me much self-denial, but I have never regretted my decision in not yielding to the importunities of my friends.

At that time my cousin Finley was recovering from a terrible blow his heart had sustained, in the sudden death of his lovely young wife. It was in 1825, while he was painting in Washington, for the corporation of New York, the full length portrait of Gene-

ral la Fayette, then in our country, that the news was conveyed to him of this bereavement.

As soon as possible, he hurried to New Haven, Conn. where she had died under his mother's roof, but alas! arrived after the burial! Upon learning of the sad event La Fayette wrote him a most tender and sympathising note, which endeared him to the afflicted artist so strongly, that their correspondence and friendship ceased only with the death of the illustrious Frenchman. When in Europe, Prof. Morse was often his guest and knew the several members of his family.

At the urgent solicitations of my cousin, I was permitted to accompany him to New Haven, to visit his mother and children, and there I had the pleasure of meeting the late Professor Silliman, who was a contemporary and intimate friend. We returned to New York and, later in the season, Prof. Morse escorted a cousin and myself to Utica and whilst there, painted my portrait, cabinet size, which is still in my possession. In several of the neighbouring towns, he also painted portraits of prominent people.

One evening he was jocosely speaking of his versatility of talent, thinking that I did not fully appreciate it and said, « Cousin, I am a sculptor, as well as painter, something of a musician, and can write poetry! » Not being aware that he possessed this last accomplishment, I contradicted and even doubted, his ability to write, except in prose. Somewhat chagrined at my incredulity, he said, « Give me a subject and tomorrow I will bring you the lines. » Now it so happened, that the night previous I had been serenaded, and unfortunately, had slept through it, and never having seen verses on that subject, I replied, « take the Serenade! »

In due time he brought the following lines, written in his beautiful clear style.

The Serenade!

« Haste! 'tis the stillest hour of night,
The moon sheds down her palest light,
And Sleep has chained the lake and hill,

The wood, the plain and babbling rill :
And where you ivied lattice shows,
My fair one slumbers in repose !
Come ye that know the lovely maid,
And help prepare the Serenade !
Hither before the night is flown,
Bring instruments of every tone :
But lest with noise ye wake, not lull
Her dreaming fancy, ye must cull
Such only as shall soothe the mind
And leave the harshest all behind :
Bring not the thund'ring drum, nor yet
The harshly shrieking clarionet,
No screaming haut-boy, trumpet shrill,
Nor clanging cymbals : but with skill
Exclude each one that would disturb
The fairy architects, or curb
The wild creations of their mirth ;
All that would wake the soul to Earth.
Choose ye the softly breathing flute,
The mellow horn, the loving lute,
The viol ye must not forget
And take the sprightly flageolet,
And grave bassoon ; choose too the fife
Whose warblings in the tuneful strife,
Mingling in mystery with the words,
May seem like notes of blithest birds !
Are ye prepared ? now lightly tread
As if by elfin minstrels led,
And fling no sounds upon the air
To rudely wake my slumbering fair !
Softly ! now breathe the symphony —
So gently breathe, the tones may vie
In softness with the magic notes
In visions heard : music that floats
So buoyant that it well may seem
With strains ethereal in her dream.
One song of such mysterious birth
She doubts it comes from Heaven or Earth !
Play on ! my loved one slumbers still :
Play on ! She wakes not with the thrill

Of joy, produced by strains so mild,
But fancy moulds them gay and wild :
Now as the music low declines,
Tis sighing of the forest pines,
Or tis the fitful varied roar
Of distant falls, or troubled shore,
Now as the tone grows full or sharp,
Tis whispering of the Æolian harp :
The viol swells, now long, now loud,
Tis spirit chanting on a cloud
That passed by. — It dies away --
So gently dies she scarce can say
Tis gone : listens ! tis lost, she fears :
Listens ! and thinks again she hears,
As dew drops mingling in a stream :
To her tis all one blissful dream —
A song of angels throned in light —
Softly ! away ! Fair one, Good night ! *

These lines were much admired, and with other treasures of a like character, were carefully preserved and read to the favored few. In the autumn, on his arrival in New-York, Prof. Morse met one day, his old friends Gulian C. Ver Planck and Mr. Sands, both literary men and all members of the same Club. They were then actively engaged in getting up an « Annual, » which at that period, was a novel enterprise. These gentlemen solicited of him a contribution to their work, whereupon he drew from his pocket a copy of the foregoing « Serenade, » saying, « if this suits, you are welcome. » The two gentlemen were much pleased with the lines and a few days later requested the Professor to add an appropriate illustration, which could be engraven for the « Annual. » In accordance therewith, Mr. Morse painted in oil, a lovely moonlight scene, suggestive of the subject, which in 1829, was duly inserted in the book called the « Talisman. » As soon as published, a copy was presented me, which is still in my possession, and on the occasion of my marriage, my cousin had the picture framed, and sent me as a bridal gift. When in New-York, 1872, I received a note from my venerable and then cele-

brated cousin, in his 80th. year, the handwriting as in youth, clear and bold, asking me for a copy of the "Serenade," which he had mislaid. This note, with a lock of his snowy white hair, I still retain as valuable mementos of the past.

The year following, in the prosecution of his profession, Prof. Morse sailed for Europe, taking with him orders from his friends to copy pictures of the old masters. We corresponded regularly both before and after my marriage. Sometimes his letters were in rhyme and very amusing and I remember one in particular which was unusually droll, upon inviting me to a lecture to be given by Mr. Dana, upon electro magnetism!

During one of his voyages across the Atlantic at a later period, the application of electricity to telegraphic communication, suggested itself to him and for many years this subject absorbed his time and thoughts. One obstacle after another was overcome by his resolute, hopeful and patient nature; obstacles which to most men even in the pursuit of science, would have been deemed insurmountable. But with untiring, unflagging industry, intense application, rigid self-denial and fervent prayer, he pursued his investigations, not unfrequently subjected to ridicule and the suspicion of being somewhat demented.

While in Paris, Prof. Morse made the acquaintance of Daguerre, a member of the Royal Academy of Science, whose discoveries in photography were then the theme of conversation. The system was explained to him by the great scientist, and with the information requisite regarding the use of chemicals, he returned to New-York and shortly thereafter wrote to my sister and myself to come to the city, and he would guarantee, by the aid of the sun, to produce our likenesses in *five minutes*, which to us seemed incredible! These were then called Daguerreotypes or sun pictures.

In the autumn of 1844, we were in New-York, and to gratify our scientific cousin, spent nearly a day on the roof of the University building, which he had specially fitted up for his purposes, as the light was not obstructed by the street or the surrounding build-

dings. In the early stages of this art, this mode of taking likenesses was deemed essential, and the light was intensified by the aid of mirrors, fastened on the roof, which reflected the sun.

We remained seated here, exposed to the noonday sun for hours, our complexions becoming actually tanned and the tears often streaming down our cheeks, and we were taken literally, « with a drop in the eye ! » It was a fearful ordeal not soon to be forgotten. After repeated failures, Prof. Morse succeeded in producing tolerable pictures, one of which is still in my possession.

The next summer he brought the apparatus to Utica and during his visit to us often amused himself by taking our likenesses in the open air, but the foliage and wind, however slight, were always obstacles to success. As nearly as I can remember, it must have been about this time, while visiting us, Prof. Morse would sit hour after hour, talking of and endeavouring to explain to me, his invention, not yet completed but in progress. In the mean time he was practicing vigorous economy, in order that his income should be devoted to his work. My memory recalls him visibly, with his expressive hazel eyes, his thin, thoughtful face; the silver threads beginning to streak his once raven black hair; the lines and furrows in his cheek giving him a prematurely old look, and in his earnest, deliberate mode of conversing, recounting the benefits which the *world* would derive, should his life be spared to complete successfully his great invention ! Upon one occasion, I interrupted him, more in jest than in earnest, saying, « now cousin Finley, stop a moment, and listen to me. Too much learning has made you mad ! I do not comprehend you, nor does the world in general. Your scheme, or invention as you call it, is entirely Utopian and you will never live to see it realized, nor shall I. Pray do not bother your brain, injure your health, and empty your purse on this project any more. Renounce it all, now and forever, and resume the palette and the brush ».

With his usual amiability and forbearance, he was not affron-

ted at my remarks, but smiling sadly said, in his slow manner, ' Cousin, I never expect to live to realise any benefit from my invention, and may not live to witness its completion, but depend upon it, you will, and your children and the world will associate my name with those of Franklin and Fulton, as among the great benefactors of the age ! That is my hope and that will be my reward ! ' The result amply demonstrates that Prof. Morse was correct in disregarding the advice and ridicule of those who endeavoured to dissuade him from prosecuting his experiments, for soon after this, an appropriation of thirty thousand dollars made by Congress, enabled him to continue with vigor and renewed hope, his darling project, and unlike the generality of inventors, he lived to realize both fame and fortune.

Very soon after the practical working of the telegraph was established, I received a letter, so interesting from its history of the first telegraphic message transmitted by him, as to make it well worthy of preservation.

New-York, August 2, 1844.

My dear Cousin,

I have a great deal to say to you, a great deal to encourage that faith in God which we profess, but which alas ! is so feeble. In relation to my own affairs I am constantly led to exclaim, ' What has God wrought ! ' You are not aware, perhaps, that this was the first sentence transmitted by telegraph from Washington to Baltimore, and indited by my young friend, Miss Annie Ellsworth, the daughter of the Commissioner of Patents. She took the pains to come to me early on the morning after my appropriation had passed both houses, to be the first to inform me of the good news.

I then promised her she should indite the first sentence. This was the first transmitted, and she indited it, and let me assure you, my dear cousin, it has a meaning which few can understand in its whole extent.

If I have the pleasure of seeing you again, I can tell you much in reference to trials of various kinds through which it pleased God to lead me, before He granted the signal success which followed.

The information in your letter, dear cousin, has been highly gratifying, and its tone and feeling are in perfect accordance with my own.

Oh ! that all whom we love could be brought to see how unsatisfactory are all mere earthly joys : that these derive their only value, as they are the gift of God in Christ, and accompanied by His blessing, so that we are secured from the temptations which always accompany them, and which would certainly overcome us but for the shield which the Holy Spirit in-

terposes between us and them. I thank you, dear Cousin, for your kind gratulations. I am interrupted and obliged to close, but with kind remembrances to all, I am, as ever,

Yr. affectionate cousin

FINLEY MORSE.

To Mrs. Sarah Ann Walker.

Prof. Morse died in 1872, full of years and honors, with an ample fortune and beloved by all who knew him. His reputation is world wide, and the honors paid to his memory were profuse throughout the civilized world. His character was remarkably symmetrical; his temper calm and equable, his faith and trust strong throughout his life, and he was always the courteous, christian gentleman.

During my visit to New Haven, in 1827, I made the acquaintance of Nathaniel P. Willis, then about graduating, whose poetical effusions were being read and discussed. He was a good deal of a fop, prided himself upon his taste in dress, and considered himself "the glass of fashion and mould of form." He was tall, with light brown, curly hair, a blond, rosy cheeks, nose retrousé and small blue eyes. He possessed great flow of language, free and easy manners and was very flattering in his conversation with ladies, none of whom, he thought, could resist his powers of fascination.

Mr. Willis visited Utica during the autumn of this year and was frequently our guest. With a party of ladies and gentlemen, we chartered a postchaise and four, and drove to Trenton Falls, then, as now, a favorite resort for the lovers of picturesque scenery. Returning the evening of the same day, we passed a carriage going to the Falls, containing a party of nine joyous, happy people, the Suydams of New-York. Imagine our sorrow and consternation the next day, on learning that Miss Suydam had been accidentally drowned, whilst climbing over the rocks!

For a long time this sad event cast a gloom over the place. Parents became fearful of exposing the lives of their children, and for a while, tourists deserted the romantic spot. A monument to

the memory of Miss Suydam has been erected by her family, in Forest Hill Cemetery in Utica.

Mr. Willis sent me a copy of his first volume of poems, as soon as they were published, which is still in my possession.

In 1840, we became acquainted with Willis Hall, then Attorney General of the State of New-York, a prominent lawyer and politician and but for a sudden stroke of paralysis, the most promising candidate for Governor. Mr. Hall was eloquent as a speaker, charming in conversation and recited from the different authors with excellent appreciation. He became a great admirer of my sister and was a frequent visitor at our house.

This same year my sister, Fannie Breese, who was distinguished for her personal beauty and grace of manner, was with us at Saratoga, where we met Mr. Hall : Judge William Kent ; Mark Sibley ; Samuel B. Ruggles, Daniel Webster, then in his prime, and General Scott, in all his glory : with each and all of whom we became very intimate. My sister was unusually tall and as General Scott was remarkable for his height, he invariably selected her for an evening's promenade in the drawing room, attracting universal attention !

We also met General James Tallmadge, who loved to talk of his handsome and accomplished daughter, who became the wife of Philip Van Rensselaer and whom I met at a later period, (1867) at my daughter's (Mrs. Dexter's) residence in San Francisco, and formed a friendship with her which continued unbroken to the day of her death.

During the time my husband held the position of Mayor of Utica, a letter was received from my brother, the late Rear Admiral Breese, then in command of the Gosport Navy Yard, Norfolk : introducing the English Novelist, G. P. R. James and his wife. We entertained them at breakfast, inviting a few friends to meet them.

Mr. James was short, thick set, with a heavy gray moustache, and very English in his manners, tone of voice and accent. She was exceedingly plain in dress and appearance and in no way at-

fractive. The breakfast passed off very pleasantly and upon adjourning to the drawing room, he examined and discussed our pictures, which he pronounced « very clever ».

My daughter Annie was then in her teens. She was an unusually lovely girl, with dimples and luxuriant brown ringlets and, naturally, arrested his attention. He seemed much struck with her appearance, greeted her as « Euphrosyne », and playing with her curls, said, « My dear, always wear your hair thus, it becomes your style. »

About this time, Milhard Fillmore, then President of the United States, returning from a visit to Niagara, passed the evening at our house, with John J. Crittenden; Gov. Graham, then Secretary of the Navy, and some other members of the Cabinet.

The same year, Mrs. Fanny Kemble delivered a course of Shaksperian readings in our city, and Mr. Walker felt it his duty to call upon her, taking with him my daughter Annie and myself. The visit seemed to gratify her, as she was an entire stranger in the place, and was travelling alone with her maid. She entered into a lively conversation with my husband upon art, and discovering his familiarity with, and appreciation of, the subject, she ordered her maid to drag from the depths of her deep trunk, some rare miniatures of the Kemble family, « her household gods » as she termed them, to show him.

Before leaving Utica, she returned our visit, and seemed surprised to see on our walls, such excellent copies of the old masters, executed by M. E. D. Brown. She said, « she was amazed to find in an inland town, so far from the metropolis, such good pictures, indications of taste and cultivation on the part of the people: that nothing of the kind would be met with in England in provincial towns, only in London, and that she would write her correspondent Lumley all about it: also that « in America, wood is so abundant, that they board or floor their public roads with it ».

This was in allusion to the plank walks and roads which were then coming into popular use and favor.

The appearance of Mrs. Kemble was not prepossessing: inclined

to embonpoint, with a coarse complexion: features not handsome and a very low forehead: but her eyes were expressive, her voice flexible, her countenance indicated great strength of mind and vigor of intellect, and she excelled in conversation.

Her reading gave immense satisfaction to a most appreciative audience. At times, while reading, her muscles and veins became distended like those of an athlete! No one, by the dilation of the nose alone, could better express scorn and contempt: she was certainly a powerful woman, physically as well as mentally.

During the administration of Horatio Seymour, as Governor of New-York, I met Lady Murray, one of the maids of honor of Queen Victoria. She was a Scotch woman, who had been permitted by her majesty to travel, and who, on her return, published a sketch of her tour. She had made the Governor's acquaintance at his official residence in Albany and with him walked and roughed it, camping out etc., in the western interior of our State. She was an indefatigable pedestrian, sight seer and interrogator: gleaned all manner of information from every one she met, which raw material, not always authentic, was revised and corrected, sometimes embellished, to appear hereafter in her book.

For a person over sixty years of age, Lady Murray was in wonderful preservation: her hair and teeth were excellent, complexion fresh, and powers of endurance surprising. She could walk for hours over rough country roads, often fatiguing the gentlemen who escorted her!

I should call Lady Murray a strongminded, out spoken person, with but little *suaviter in modo*, either in voice or manner.

She was a good botanist, but conceited as to her knowledge of art, in which she often betrayed ignorance.

We were invited to a reception at the Governor's with several others, to meet her.

From his early youth, my husband was a warm partisan and admirer of Henry Clay, the eminent statesman, and shortly before the close of his valuable life, on returning to his home in Kentucky, he remained over a day and night in Utica to rest, as well as to visit some of the manufactories in the neighbourhood.

We had the pleasure of entertaining him at breakfast, inviting Governor Seymour and several other distinguished citizens to meet him.

Although quite an elaborate repast was prepared, Mr. Clay, being much out of health, was obliged to be particularly abstemious, and as he glanced at the delicacies before him, regretted his inability to do them justice. Mr. Clay's manners were particularly affable to ladies very gracious and complimentary, and though homely in feature, when his countenance lighted up, as it always did in conversation, his plain looks were at once forgotten. It was only a year or so after this that the great statesman died, mourned by an entire nation.

In the summer of 1850, my husband invited the two young Sandwich Islands Princes who, with the Prime Minister, Mr. Judd, were in our city en route to Niagara, to pass the evening of July 4th. at our house. They had recently returned from Europe, where they had been presented at the different Courts.

We found them intelligent and gentlemanly in their manners: conversing with fluency in English. They were tall, well formed and well dressed in full suits of black cloth: and with their straight, dark hair and complexion, resembled somewhat the North American Indians. The elder brother was heir presumptive, and soon after his return, on the death of his Uncle, then king, he ascended the throne. After his death, the brother became king. They are both deceased. Upon bidding them adieu at our house, they said, « we shall be most happy to welcome you to the Sandwich Islands ». We smiled and said there was no prospect of our ever taking such a trip, little thinking that only a few years there after, whilst visiting my daughter in San Francisco, we were frequently invited and seriously contemplated, undertaking it.

On the opening of the Rock Island Railroad, the Directors issued cards of invitation, through Messrs Sheffield and Farnam, of New-Haven, the principal owners of the road, to about a thousand guests, forming a mammoth excursion never before known.

Among the company were ladies, as well as gentlemen, the

latter comprising almost all professions : authors : artists : statesmen ; journalists : reporters, and army and navy officers. We were among the invited and our two daughters had cards given them. The starting point was from Chicago, and after passing over the road to Rock Island, the guests were accommodated in six steamboats and soon steamed for the upper Mississippi. We happened to be assigned to the steamer on which was the authoress, Mrs. Catharine Sedgwick, then well advanced in years, and her niece, Miss Kate Sedgwick. Occasional discomforts and confusion would arise, in providing seats at the table or berths at night, for such a crowd, all of which was sustained with great equanimity by Miss Sedgwick, to whom the scenery was new, and who was charmed with its novelty as well as beauty.

Mrs. Sedwick was short, not handsome : but her voice and manners were singularly gentle and genial. She loved young people, and never seemed to weary of talking with them or listening to their joyous remarks.

Among other places, we visited the Falls of St. Anthony and • Minnehaha » which we thought appropriately named.

The Sedgwicks took a great fancy to my daughter Annie, who was much with them. One day she was running by their state room, flushed with health and buoyancy of spirits, her dimples and ringlets adding to her beauty, when the dear old lady caught her in her arms, and laying her hand upon her wavy hair, said affectionately « May God keep you, my child, ever as artless and innocent as you appear now to be ! »

The niece, Kate Sedgwick, married Mr. Joseph Valerio, an Italian, and resided in Genoa, and she and my daughter long retained their friendship and correspondence.

Among the other excursionists assigned to our steamer, were Henry T. Tuckerman, the author : and Charles and John Ward, of New-York. Through a mutual friend we became acquainted, and the friendship which followed, was cemented by their visiting us at Utica. On his return from the lakes, Mr. Tuckerman, passed two or three days with us, and corresponded with my husband until

his death, which occurred in New-York, after a brief illness, at the residence of his cousin, Mr. Lucius Tuckerman, during the winter of 1871. He was very generally mourned and lamented by his large circle of relatives and friends.

The early history and career of the sculptor, E. D. Palmer, who was then at the head of his profession in our country, interested Mr. Tuckerman, and as Mr. Walker happened to be the first who discovered his genius, he proposed inviting Mr. Palmer to meet the author at our house, in order to afford him the opportunity of making the acquaintance of the sculptor. These three gentlemen were congenial in their tastes, and art was the principal theme of conversation, each imparting and receiving information from the others, whilst anecdotes, stories and repartee beguiled the hours. When in health and spirits, for he was often an invalid, Mr. Tuckerman's fund of anecdotes seemed inexhaustible. Mr. Palmer was also clever in that way, and had a keen perception and enjoyment of all that was droll, and I never remember to have heard such a stream of wit and humor and never to have laughed so heartily; and many years after, in talking over that visit, we all agreed that never before had we ever enjoyed such a pleasant time!

An invitation was then received from Prof. Morse for the gentlemen and myself to adjourn to his home on the Hudson, where he had invited Wm. Cullen Bryant, the poet; Weir, the artist; and some one else to meet us. The Professor wrote that « there would not only be » a feast of reason and a flow of soul, « but he would guarantee there should be one of ice cream and strawberries! » This was the season of that delicious fruit and his garden yielded them of enormous size. The gentlemen spent two days there very pleasantly.

Our acquaintance with E. D. Palmer commenced in 1846, and through a quarter of a century, our friendship and correspondence has been uninterrupted. The discovery of his genius was the result of accident, and the rapid strides made by him in the acquisition of knowledge pertaining to art, was truly wonderful.

Mr. Tuckerman received from my husband, a full account of his early history, with a recital of his many aspirations, fears and disappointments : and in language far more concise and appropriate than it is in my power to express, has introduced a most truthful and interesting sketch of the now famous sculptor in his very interesting work upon " artists ".

Mr. Palmer's success was unparalleled, and in a few years, he acquired both wealth and fame. In the execution of bust portraiture, both Mr. Walker and Mr. Tuckerman considered him unequalled ! In expression, the management of hair, and texture of the skin, he is wonderfully true to nature. Prior to his working in marble, he executed, with great skill and beauty, likenesses in shell, called conchiglias. One of Mr. Walker was among the very first and I have others of my sister Fanny Breese and of my daughter, Mrs. Dexter, when twelve years of age.

He also executed a beautiful life size bust of " Spring ", an ideal likeness of my daughter Annie, the original of which is in the possession of Gov. E. D. Morgan. This was also burned with my valuable pictures, but the sculptor's friendship for me was such as to induce him soon after, to execute another and present it to me.

Since writing the above, Mr. Palmer passed a year in Europe with his family, and while there completed an order given him by our Government, for a statue in bronze of Robert L. Livingston, the eminent statesman, which now stands in the Capitol at Washington and, in its conception and execution, merits the highest praise.

Mr. Palmer's personal appearance is very striking. He is above the usual height, has a fine head, agreeable features and a long, flowing white beard, which makes him appear older than he is. He is now in the full prime of life : in all respect a remarkable man, one of whom we are very proud and fond and whom we claim as one of our most gifted correspondents.

Among other sculptors, I have known Launt Thompson from the commencement of his career. At an early age, he became a

pupil of E. D. Palmer, with whom he lived as a member of his family, for ten years ! He was of humble Irish origin, his parents emigrating to America when he was a child. When in Albany, in needy circumstances, they were discovered by Dr. Ormsby, who employed Launt in his office as an errand boy. The youth proved bright and faithful in his conduct, and on perceiving his taste for pictures and copying, the benevolent Doctor, who had taken a great interest in him, sent him to a drawing school in Albany, where he made remarkable progress. At this time, Mr. Palmer, being in want of an assistant, applied to the Doctor for one, who recommended his protégé Launt, as the very one to answer his purpose. He was sent for, delighted with the proposal, accepted at once and always said « the happiest day of his life was the one upon which he entered upon his new duties in the studio of Mr. Palmer ! »

Delighting in his work : being an enthusiastic lover of art and having the full benefit of the experience and genius of his teacher, between whom and himself there existed the strongest friendship, his progress was most rapid and he now ranks amongst the first sculptors of the age.

I also met J. Q. A. Ward, so justly famous for his works in bronze, and Charles Caverly, and when in Florence in 1870, saw frequently the veteran American sculptor, Hiram Powers, who has resided in Europe over 30 years.

Whilst in Rome, the same year, we visited the studios of Rogers : Story (to whom we had letters) : Mosier : Rhinehart : Stone and Freeman, the latter being an old acquaintance, whose wife also modelled prettily in clay, her cherubs being lovely.

We also had letters to the Terrys : he an artist of merit, and she being the widow of the sculptor Crawford. They had fine apartments in the Odescalchi palace and entertained charmingly, adding greatly to our pleasure during our visit to Rome.

During our visits to New-York, I had the pleasure of meeting many of the well known artists, amongst whom I recall Church and Mr. Entee, both of whom we afterwards met in Rome : James

and William Hart: Bierstadt: Kensett: Gay: Homer Martin: Eastman and David Johnson: Ferguson: Brevoort: Gay: Shattuck: Gifford: Coleman: Tait: Hays: Weir: Beard: De Haas: Gignoux: Elliott: Huntington: Baker: Gray: Lazarus and Green. From many of these, Mr. Walker purchased choice specimens of their work.

In 1853, Captain Mr. Kinnon of the Royal Navy, brought us a letter of introduction from my brother, Admiral Breese. His father was a member of Parliament and his wife, a woman of wealth. They were making an extended tour through our country and were astonished at its extent of territory and its vast resources. In the course of conversation he observed, that in this country there is breathing and elbow room: in England there is none! » and further that « he should purchase lands in the far West and there establish his sons! We had an evening party for them and the Captain remarked, « I have never seen at one time, so many pretty women! »

Whilst in Paris in 1870, we enjoyed a very pleasant acquaintance with the Countess von Hohenthal Dölken, and her daughter Ida, the latter being dame d'honneur to her Majesty, the Queen of Prussia.

Our relations were very cordial, and the mother having been an accomplished pianist, became much interested in my daughter Mary, from having examined her choice selection of German music, as well as her valuable collection of photographs of all the distinguished composers that could be found in the cities we visited. Their tastes were very congenial and they often played duets. Both the Countess and her daughter expressed much regret that our minister at Berlin, Mr. Bancroft, should present so few of his countrywomen at court. Before their departure for Cannes, they exchanged photographs with my daughter and afterwards corresponded.

About this time we met at dinner Prince Polignac, whose father was Prime Minister of France in the reign of Charles X. His mother was English, which accounted for his speaking our

language so well. His family is one of the distinguished noblesse of France. He is a bachelor and for the simple love of adventure, visited our country during the late civil war and fought on the side of the Confederacy ! My husband took occasion to assure him of his great mistake !

While in Berlin we met Mr. Bancroft, our Minister to Prussia, and in Vienna renewed our acquaintance with Mr. John Jay, our representative to the Austrian Empire, who had dined with us at Utica with other members of the Union League. Through General de Tiller, Chief of Artillery of the Army, we had the honor of becoming acquainted with Count von Benst, Prime Minister of Austria, a most accomplished statesman and gentleman, who paid Mr. Walker the unusual honor of returning his visit personally.

In New-York in 1872, at Mrs. Admiral Farragut's, we met Captain Lahrbouche, formerly in the English service.

He had attained the great age of 106 years, and was wonderfully preserved : his eyes were bright ; his complexion fresh and ruddy, but his teeth were gone and his hearing imperfect. He was very neat in his dress and personal appearance, and his memory being especially retentive as to the past, he was able to converse upon almost every subject.

He dined with us and it was most interesting to listen to his recital, with dates, of events which had transpired during his long life. He remembered distinctly the « surrender of Burgoyne ! » While Napoleon was imprisoned in St-Helena, he was stationed there and he told us many anecdotes of the Emperor and his mode of life. He was also in the Peninsular war, and was seriously wounded by a sabre cut at the siege of Badajoz. To me, the Captain appeared no older than persons of 80 or so. He walked a short distance each day, attended Church once every Sabbath when the weather permitted, and for years was in the habit of eating a certain quantity of opium. He outlived wife, children and relatives. He died in 1876, in New-York, and his funeral was attended by a number of the prominent citizens of the metropolis.

In concluding this brief memorial, it does not seem inappropriate to add two little pieces written by Mrs. Walker, which so pleased her friend, Henry T. Tuckerman, the well known author, that at his request they were published in Putnam's Magazine. The "War in the wine cellar" was suggested to her whilst watching a *beer barrel* being trundled about from house to house, finding no owner, until at last it reached her father's wine cellar, causing an imaginary consternation amongst the "choice spirits" long stored therein!

WAR IN THE WINE-CELLAR

"What does master mean," said Colonel Madeira, his color rising as he spoke, indicating his resentment, "by rolling a vulgar beer-barrel in amongst us choice spirits, who never associate with the canaille?" shaking from him in his agitation the dust and cobwebs that for years had been collecting. "We patricians, who can boast of foreign ancestry, and have circumnavigated the globe more than once, too, and whose acquaintance is sought after by the rich and mighty, how could he suppose for one moment we should tolerate such an intrusion?"

"And" said Mrs. Sherry, turning *pale* with indignation "the precedent is wrong, decidedly wrong: other plebeians will presume upon this innovation when the facts come to be known."

"Hustle him out! hustle him out!" said lively Miss Champagne, in her most *spirited, heady* manner, effervescing with spite, so as to make her *heads* fly about her neck as though possessed, or suddenly seized with a fit of St. Vitus' dance, and requiring, not chains, but *wires*, to keep her rage within bounds.

"Order! order! ladies and gentlemen!" spoke elderly, Mr. Port, in a voice of authority. "You all betray your ignorance of what becomes high birth and aristocracy of feeling, to deign to notice the interloper. Nabobs, like us, esteem him beneath con-

tempt : and, depend upon it, our mistress, when it comes to her knowledge, will treat him with cold neglect ; and he will regret from the bottom of his soul (that is, if their race have any, which I am inclined to doubt) that he ever showed his face here : and chagrined and mortified, he will become *soured* and morose, a complete misanthrope and, I ask, with what greater misfortune could any of our jovial band desire him to be visited ? » So saying, the old nabob, *purple* with the effort of making such a long speech, rested his gouty foot on the shelf, and prepared him for his usual siesta.

« *Soured*, indeed ! » screeched Messrs. Claret and Hock, with vinegar looks, both speaking at once. « Mr. Hock has the floor, » cried the demijohns and the bottles all ; and fashionable Mr. Hock, with a « Beau Brummelish » air, stood deliberately scanning through his eye-glass, from stem to stern, the frightened, burly beer-barrel. « *Soured*, indeed ! a worse evil than that will overtake him, I trust, for his unpardonable, insufferable impudence thus to thrust himself into the society of the *élite* ; and I will only say to this august assembly, that by the cultivated taste and the refined, *acid*-ulated wine is highly appreciated. But, » said the exquisite, readjusting his glass, smoothing his imperial, and viewing with complacency his shiny suit of green, « I shall give him the *ent direct*, were he my grandfather, 'pon honor ! »

A slight pause ensued among the nobility, when, from a remote, dark corner of the cellar, in a little squeaking voice, and with a nasal twang, spoke Ginger Pop, his eyes glimmering like tiny glowworms, and his cork just ready to fly with passion.

« You need not abuse and trample under foot us republican democrats, » said he, « although noble blood does not flow in our veins. Still, the family of Hops, in England, are a very *aspiring*, *climbing* sort of folks, and of old and respectable origin, and allowed all the world over to possess more patriotism than any other family. We are considered indispensable in keeping 'Independence ;' the demand for us on the Fourth of July is a caution ! The Washingtonians will even smack their lips at us, whilst you,

are looked upon as hostile to the American *Constitution*, enemies to mankind, and anathematized by all; but as poisons are administered in small doses, in extreme cases, so are you resorted to in some incurable diseases. Whilst, on the contrary, we have the good will of all, and are looked upon as inoffensive and good citizens; and as for you, Miss Champagne, permit me to give you a piece of my mind. You are no better than you should be, trying to impose upon folks with your '*Parlez-vous français*.' You had better mind your beads, and take yourself off to the *Jerseys*, bag and *basket*, where you came from. » And Ginger Pop, still *fouming* with wrath, paused to take breath; then, in a whining, caunting tone, added: « If we should all live through the winter, which for my part I feared I could not survive, my constitution being always *weakly*, as I had no *strength*, nor even *body*, until I was forty-eight hours old, and dreading sometimes lest I should *burst* with the frost—I say, should our lives be spared until spring, we shall see. We democrats will beat you aristocrats!

For a time, amazement at the audacity of a poor, forlorn, isolated, forgotten little orphan Yankee pottery bottle, venturing to speak forth such a tirade of abuse, kept each one silent; and then such a clamor was heard as has seldom been equalled, even in old Tammany.

Quiet at length being restored, old Mrs. Jamaica, who had been reeling about her nook, with the assistance of her daughters, Gin and Whiskey, her whole neck and face glowing like an ember, with swollen cheeks and carbuncled nose, puffing and blowing, and filling the cellar with her odorous breath, not quite like the « sweet south that breathes upon a bank of violets, » clearing her throat for a speech, with a thick, inarticulate voice, moved, « That a committee of the whole be appointed to take into *sober* consideration the propriety of setting forth their grievances to their mistress, and, in defiance of master's remonstrances, expelling *sans ceremonie* the corpulent beer-barrel, the cause of all the disturbance. »

Although « Time's busy finger on her brow had written age, »

yet the old lady's face was dyed with roseate blushes, which, partially illuminating the apartment, made « darkness visible, » as she, with her pale and shadowy daughters, left the rostrum, and with a limping and uncertain gait regained her shelf. Mrs. Jamaica then « treated resolution » by way of a nocturnal head-gear, and the dram proving soporific, she sank into an uneasy slumber, which fact was soon made known to all by the terrific snores that reverberated through the cellar.

Alas ! poor, unpretending, humble beer-barrel ! the innocent cause of this commotion, trembling with fright, death staring him in the face, the *cream* of his life gone, steadying himself on end, murmured from the bung-hole an apology to the lords and ladies all.

First, tendering his thanks to his cousin Ginger Pop, for the able defence he had made of his pedigree, he then assured them « that if the key-hole were larger, he would make his P. P. C., but his bulk prevented that ; and although the manner in which he had been *treated* by the company of choice spirits in whose presence, without his consent, he found himself, was calculated to *em-bitter* his feelings, still he would feel under great obligations to them if they would permit him for one night to lodge on the stone floor, and he would unite with them in the morning in supplicating the mistress to send him back to his friends, who, he was happy to say, were very *strong* ones.

The servile, cringing manner of the terrified beer-barrel operated favorably upon the minds of the overbearing aristocrats ; their anger was appeased, the *fermentation* ceased, and peace and harmony once more reigned in the wine-cellar.

THE FLORAL SOIREE.

The Glow-Worm and the Fire-fly vied with each other in the bright rays they emitted. The Lunar bow threw around coquetish though radiant glances ; while clearly and steadily shone the Star of Bethlehem. —all combining to illuminate most brilliantly

the *parterre* where the flowers were to assemble.

The cards of invitation elicited a buzz of admiration, they were so tastefully prepared on rose-colored leaves, perfumed with the odor of a thousand flowers. The hour arrives ; and each flower, arrayed in all her pristine loveliness, joins the gay circle.

First came, impatient of delay, shaking from them the snow-flakes as they fell, the Crocuses : there they stood, shivering in their gauze dresses of purple, white, and yellow hue. Poor Miss Snowdrop, suffering from chilblains, came limping in, supported by the Anemones,* whose dresses were terribly torn by the wind ; and close behind, endeavoring to hide themselves from the gaze of the crowd, crept the Blue Violets, twin sisters, who were amazed that they, of such humble origin, should be selected on such a grand occasion : but in gratitude they shed such a sweet fragrance around, that all were anxious to cultivate their acquaintance : indeed, they have ever since been celebrated for their sweet breath.

The Daffodils, though just recovering from an attack of jaundice, and yellow as an orange, vowed they would not miss such an entertainment ; and with their cousins, the Orange Phenixes, the Narcissus, and the Jonquils, made quite a showy appearance : and then there was a large family of Hyacinths, some single ones among them, in pretty costumes, and highly perfumed. The dear little Four-o'clocks were trying their best to keep their eyes open, being unaccustomed to such late hours ; and the Evening Primrose declared she had slept all day to enable her to shine the better all night ; and so had her aunt, Night-blooming Cereus, who was to chaperone her.

Just then there was quite a commotion, and in walked gay, gaudy, flaunting Mrs. Tulip, with an immense family in her train—a scentless race, dressed within an inch of their lives.

In juxtaposition with this dashing group stood lovely Lily of the Valley, arrayed in spotless white, with a broad mantle of green, to protect her from the night-air's chill. She looked so pure

* Commonly called Wind-flower



and fragile that the young pitied and loved her, and the old shook their heads and feared she was not long for this world. The lackadaisical and affected Honeysuckles scorned to sit bolt upright, but would lean and loll against the chairs and the mantel, looking sickishly sweet upon all who came near; and die-away Miss Morning Glory, appearing as though she could not survive the night; and spinster Miss Wall flower, a lady of an uncertain age, in the sere and yellow leaf, obstinately retained her seat in the corner, all the while eyeing a score of bachelors opposite, whose « Buttons » shone resplendently.

By this time the excitement became intense, all awaiting in breathless expectation the arrival of Madame Rose, allowed the world over to be the queen of beauty. In she glided, with a train of seventy or more of her connections, and beautiful in all their ramifications. They had assembled for the occasion from their different homes, from Damascus, from Persia, and from Japan; from the prairies, from England, and from Scotland. It was wonderful to observe the variety and texture of their costumes, and to discern the strong family likeness between them. Some of the young scions wore their spurs, and were continually pricking the company; indeed a small war like to have ensued between two of the party, belonging to the York and Lancaster branches; an offset of one, having wounded a sprig of nobility just budding into flowerhood, young Moss Rose, all whiskered and moustached, by which he nearly lost a limb.

There was Bridal Rose, she who married Count Le Marque, and his sister Souvenir de Malmaison,* of immense proportions; and the Baltimore Belle, and she from Michigan, and of Burgundy, and the Hundred-leaved Rose: alas! what an elaborate toilette was hers.

It was curious to see the effect of the entrance of this party upon many of the guests; some sneezed incessantly, some coughed, while tears came into the eyes of others, and many were seized with a deadly faintness. Day lily swooned outright, and

* The largest rose known.



died the next morning. Poor Miss Chamomile was trodden under foot and bruised dreadfully; when most opportunely arrived Mrs. Balm, a homely matron, but of an excellent heart. She came with her pockets full of nostrums and recipes of every kind. She professed to have a panacea for every woe, a balm for every wound: indeed a specific for all the ills flowers are heir to. She was assisted by Bindweed, a winsome country lass, who plucked from the Cottonplant and downy Thistle materials to stop the wound. The sensitive Mimosa shrank from the crowd, and recoiled with horror at the war among the Roses. Monk's Hood, drawing his cowl more closely, turned his back upon the world and its vanities. In one corner of the *parterre* was a rustic group, fresh from the rural districts, people of solid worth, but of no pretensions to fashion.

The Messrs. Sun-flower, tall, yellow, oily-looking fellows, who had a way of turning themselves to the light, as though to show their seedy faces: and gawky, stiff Misses Hollyhock, in their bran-new brick-colored dresses.

A gossiping old couple, Mesdames Rue and Wormwood, sipping their tea, descanting upon the follies of the age, and making wry faces and bitter remarks of those who were more admired than themselves, and old Witch Hazel, quite disguised for these temperate days, with his bottle under his arm, labeled • Pond's Extract, • just so as to deceive.

Dr. Boneset was discoursing eloquently of herbaceous and deciduous plants, also advising his young friends Catnip and Spearmint to beware of juleps of all kinds; while hypocritical Bittersweet listened attentively with his face wreathed in smiles, intending to give a stab in the dark.

And there sat wise Mrs. Sage, and her niece Sweet Marjoram: and gray-headed Old Man was mumbling soft nothings to bold Mary Gold; they, with Crown Imperial, little knew the bad odor they were in with the rest of the company.

The guests were nearly all assembled, when blue-eyed Forget-me-not timidly squeezed through the crowd, who very nearly



crushed her with welcomes. The sentimental ones caught at her, and took bits of her dress to inclose to their sweethearts; the bereaved pulled at her root and branch, to decorate the last abodes of their lost ones. And so Sweet-scented Shrub was picked to pieces in a jiffy: the fact was, that she had been passing herself off under various aliases. Some knew her as the Strawberry Plant, others, as the Carolina Allspice. She flourished best as the South, but the northern code of morality withered her, nay absolutely froze her to death. That little grisette, Mignonette, so dear to the Frenchman's heart, had no idea of wasting her sweetness on the desert air: in she came, dragging after her prudent Pimpernel, * who had been eagerly watching the clouds lest it should rain and spoil her new gown. The Aspens were tremblingly unpacking their trunks; venerable Mrs. Century Plant declined on account of her age: she had passed her « silver wedding, » and was propping herself up for her « golden » one.

The family of Soap Dragons spitefully declined, because the noisy Rockets were invited, and the impudent « Johnny-jump-up-and-kiss-me » was there, and the Devil-in-the-Bush, and Spanish Bayonets, and the Maid-in-the-Green, and they'd warrant there would be plenty of Hips and Haws before the evening was over, for they had seen vessels of nectar and ambrosia sent in; and for their part, they wouldn't be seen in such company.

At a late hour, desirous of being thought fashionable, dragged in Dew Plant, weeping bitterly—for she was drenched to the skin; and Pond Lily came sailing in her broad green yacht, overpowering all by the combination of sweets she had about her person.

Slender Miss Clematis made herself ridiculous by twisting and climbing about the whole time, and with professions of undying, unchanging love, Amaranth stole away from the crowd; and so did Holly, screaming at the top of her lungs, « Merry Christmas to all! »

Pitch Pine, a great stickler for the proprieties of life, stood

* Familiarly called the « Poor man's Weather-glass. »

bristling in the ante-room, armed *cap-à-pie*, with his torch, ready to light the flowerets home. Judge Fir, robed in ermine, was busy making a bonfire of Coke, the light of which discovered indelicate Miss Ivy hugging and embracing every one she could cling to.

Many foreigners graced the occasion. There was Paddy Shamrock, fresh from the Emerald Isle ; there was the Marvel of Peru, and the Belle of Canterbury, and the Pride of India. General Magnolia and his staff, and young Cape Jessamine, of North Carolina, the latter in lavender suit, with crimped edges, delicately perfumed. Squire Maple Sugar, from down East. Melancholy Mr. Cypress condoling with Weeping Willow, a grass-widow, with her weeds trailing on the ground in the most lugubrious manner; and Muller blistered you by his replies, so rough and brusque ; at which Mr. Hemlock shook his Socratic head.

Some came with gloves, and some without : but that sly fox of a *Digitalis* wore his, and they nicknamed him ever after, Mr. Fox-glove : and proud Mr. Lobelia stalked about the room, with poison written all over his face : rumor, however, said he was soon to become a Cardinal.

The Poppies were lost to all sense of propriety : they nodded and yawned abominably, and fell without hesitation into the arms of Morpheus. There were the Balsam* family, hopping and skipping about, as every one said, just to show their new slippers : and pretty Polly Anthus was blushing because her connections, the Cowslips, would come, and they were laughing immoderately at a Coxcomb drinking from a Gourd ; whilst Dragon Plant held over him a Golden Rod, just to nettle him.

A large party from Mexico, glittering with scarlet and gold, made quite a sensation ; the Cactus family, the Dahlias, and the Tiger Flower. There was also a family of Grasses, looking green and spindly enough, amid such a galaxy of beauty. There were Timothy Grass, a respectable farmer, and all his relations : and a tribe from Seneca ; and those from the Prairies, with a graceful

* The Lady Slipper.



though antique feathery head-dress ; and an immensely tall and formidable-looking couple from Florida.

The gray light of morning, now dawning, dimmed the lamps of the Fire-fly and the Glow-worm. The Lunar-bow had dropped asleep over his cups ; and the Star-of-Bethlehem, shocked at the lateness of the hour, ceased to shed her beautiful light, and the flowers and the vines and the shrubs, thus reminded of the conclusion of the festivities, one and all scud to their homes, doffed their gay attire, closed their petals over their pretty forms, and sank exhausted in the beds which good mother Earth had provided for them. Nox covered them with his mantle, and tucked the little stragglers in, only to be removed at early dawn by Aurora's rosy fingers.





ERRATA

Page	8	—	2nd. line from bottom for 1863,	read 1763.
"	13	—	11 " " top " daughter,	" daughter.
"	16	—	13 " " bottom " religious,	" religious.
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"	27	—	11 " " top " Sixtine,	" Sixtine.
"	27	—	21 " " " " the,	" the.
"	28	—	11 " " bottom " rendred,	" rendered.
"	29	—	8 " " top " they,	" they.
"	31	—	3 " " " " childred,	" children.
"	32	—	13 " " bottom " Jaunary,	" January.
"	32	—	" " " " Bresse,	" Breese.
"	33	—	24 " " " " Caroll,	" Carroll.
"	34	—	4 " " " " schildren,	" children.
"	35	—	4 " " top " Pavmaster,	" Paymaster.
"	39	—	13 " " bottom " ont,	" out.
"	39	—	14 " " " " one,	" on.
"	54	—	4 " " top " daughsr,	" daughter.
"	55	—	5 " " bottom " husband,	" husband.
"	57	—	2 " " top " statesmens.	" statesmen.
"	57	—	14 " " top " Sedwick.	" Sedgwick.
"	61	—	7 " " top " Mr. Kinnon,	" Mc. Kinnon.
"	61	—	11 " " top " conutry,	" Country.
"	64	—	bottom line " Washigtonians,	" Washingtonians.
"	70	—	7 " " top " as,	" at.





